The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1888.

The Week.

THE Republican press is left in a bad box by the attitude of the Republican Senators towards the Blair bill. The more stupid party organs had been abusing the Southern Democratic Senators who opposed the measure on constitutional grounds as "the States'-rights, fire-eating leaders of the South," when that gun was effectually spiked by the States'-rights speech of that Union soldier, Northern Republican Senator, and possible Republican candidate for the Presidency, Gen. Hawley. The more sensible papers had been calling Mr. Blair an ass and his bill "absurd," "demoralizing," and "preposterous," and yet, when the roll was called, two-thirds of the Republican Senators followed the New Hampshire leader in voting for it. An occasional Republican paper, like the Lewiston *Journal*, still tries to defend the bill as one which ought to become a law, but it finds itself met by the negative votes of both the Republican Senators from Maine and the unanswerable speech against the measure by Senator Hale. In short, if a Republican paper attempts to argue that the bill ought to pass, it has to encounter the demonstrations by Republican Senators like Hawley, Plumb, and Hale, that it ought not to pass; while if it argues that these speeches show that the bill ought not to become a law, it has to try and explain the inexplicable fact that two-thirds of the Republican Senators voted to make it a law. From either point of view, the task of deducing from the incident the lesson that the Republican party is the only one fit to grapple with important public questions, appears equally difficult.

The accounts of the Canadian Fisheries Treaty with Great Britain, which has been signed, are too meagre as yet for any extended comment. It seems at this writing as if nearly everything which Americans have asked for had been conceded, and especially the mode of measuring the extent of territorial sovereignty along the shore, which is now to follow the line of the land, at headlands as well as elsewhere; and, we presume in deference to the greater carrying powers of modern guns, the limit is to be four miles seaward instead of three. The treaty will doubtless be well received in England, where people care nothing about the dispute, but do not want to quarrel with the United States. In Canada, if we may judge from the attitude of the press, the Ministerialists will accept the arrangement, and the Opposition denounce it, but the former will probably carry the day. That it will, however, if it be what it is reported to be, strengthen the annexationists, we think there is little doubt.

It is, of course, dangerous to predict what the Republicans in the Senate will do with the Treaty; but if we may judge from the utterances of the organ in this city, after having had time to hear from Washington, they are not going to admit that it is a good treaty for the United States without a struggle—like the Divinity Professor at Oxford who warned his class that a certain passage in the New Testament "was probably spurious, but not to be surrendered without a fight." What seems now to be foreshadowed is, that Senator Bayard's claim that it is "a permanent and satisfactory settlement," must be disputed, if only to cut down his "self-appreciation." The legal right of the American Commissioners to act as negotiators will probably, also, be again examined, and the question whether the State Department meant, in negotiating the treaty, "to antagonize the Congressional policy of retaliation," will also be inquired into. Then Pat Ford has still to be heard from. Until he has had his say, one can hardly tell what kind of treaty it is. The following parallel throws some light on the situation:

[*Tribune*, February 16.]

If the authority quoted by our Washington correspondent is to be relied upon, the treaty will be satisfactory to Americans. In fact, it is stated that we have got about all we asked for. The headland theory contended for by Canada has been abandoned, and that question will be settled according to the usage that prevails among the principal European nations, and our fishermen are to have their commercial rights in Canadian ports. If this is correct, the outcome of Mr. Bayard's undertaking will be much more gratifying than we have had reason to expect.

[*Tribune*, February 17.]

The State Department under the present Administration has been a centre of British-American diplomacy. What is regarded by the Secretary himself as a conspicuous triumph for America may be in reality a compromise and a surrender. The submission of the convention to the Senate will revive the controversy opened last December respecting the constitutional power of the President to appoint the Commissioners. The subject is one which the Senators can hardly fail to consider when the treaty is laid before them.

The wailings of the London correspondent of the *Tribune* over the transmission to the London *Daily News* of extracts from his newspaper, showing the confidential and even deferential relations existing between the Blaineites and the Irish dynamitic party headed by Pat Ford of the *Irish World*, are very amusing reading. He almost wept over these revelations in his Sunday's despatch, and begged the editor to say that there was "an error in transmission," or say something which he could show his English friends which would let him out of his scrape. We think his sufferings do him much credit, but we fear they are due rather to the social annoyance the Ford alliance causes him than real holy horror of Ford and his doctrines. Not a word of comfort does the *Tribune* give him, however, and he will have to continue to face the music at his five o'clock teas, and his dinners, and his private smokes with the Prince of Wales, because Blaine cannot be elected without Pat Ford's help, and Pat is an awful ogre in English society. The correspondent's situation is as full of horror as that of the man who went with Thackeray in a cab to dine at the Duke of Devonshire's, and was ashamed of the cab, and wanted to send it away quickly, but had to undergo the torture of an offer from Thackeray, in the presence of the hall porter and the footmen, to toss up a sixpence to see who should pay the fare.

The members of the Reading Investigating Committee of the House must have been astonished when they got Mr. Corbin before them. The *raison d'être* of the Committee is to show that the Reading Company is doing something for which it ought to be ashamed of itself, and that it ought to take the back track as soon as possible. Most of the questions put to Mr. Corbin were leading ones pointing to that conclusion. What a surprise it must have been when he said to them: "If there is no more coal mined from the Schuylkill region until we are compelled to mine it by discharging men who have come to us in our trouble and stood by us to make way for the strikers, no more will ever be mined while I have influence enough to prevent it." This was very manly, and hence very unpalatable to the questioners, but the following interrogatory and answer must have knocked them all in a heap:

"Do you mean to say, and to go on record as saying, that for that, and that only, you will not take them back?"

"Yes, emphatically, I want that to go on record. They left me and I gave them notice. It will be a pretty cold day when I disc harge men who stood by me when I needed help, for men who deserted and attempted to ruin me."

When Turgot was made Minister of Finance, Voltaire, after watching him awhile, exclaimed: "Here is a man." Something like this must be the idea that common people will arrive at after reading Mr. Corbin's testimony.

The chivalry of South Carolina has come to a sorry pass if Mr. Tillman of Edgefield District is a present representative of it. Mr. Tillman is chairman of the Reading Investigating Committee. On Thursday he asked President Keim a string of irrelevant and insulting questions charged with the rankest demagogism, which Mr. Keim very properly declined to answer. The next day he repeated the operation on President Corbin, with no better results, although Mr. Corbin did tell him, when he called for a statement of the Reading Company's assets and liabilities, that it was none of his business. Mr. Tillman was ably seconded by Mr. Anderson of Kansas, who wanted to know, among other things, where Mr. Corbin had his washing done. Mr. Corbin's refusal to answer this question put a stop to an interesting line of inquiry, such as, how many shirts he sent to the wash each week, whether he paid his washing bills promptly, and whether his washerwoman used Pearline or Ivory Soap. Then Tillman took up the wondrous tale, and asked when the Reading Company paid its last dividend. Mr. Corbin said in 1876. "And it will be a cold day when it pays another," added this representative of a chivalrous

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people. Imagine John C. Calhoun bullying a witness in this fashion! "I supposed," said Mr. Corbin, "that this was a fair investigation. I did not think you came here to personally abuse everybody connected with the Reading Railroad Company, and to call them thieves and robbers." Mr. Tillman denied that he had done this, and made the obviously exaggerated statement that he (Tillman) "was a gentleman, and could answer for what he had said or done." Then Mr. Corbin took out of his pocket a clipping from the report of the previous day's proceedings, and read an extract from Tillman's blackguardism towards President Keim, and asked him whether that was a correct report; but Tillman declined to answer.

The passage read by Mr. Corbin was reported in the New York papers as follows:

"Where do you expect to get your money to pay the interest on your bonds? Where do you expect to get your money to keep you out of bankruptcy again? It seems to me that you are robbing the stockholders of your company, and robbing the public, to pay fat salaries to a set of officers who appear not to know anything about the companies they are supposed to serve at all. The miners may starve, the public may pay two prices for coal, but the officers are paid big salaries to know nothing or very little, so far as this Committee can find out. Now, I would like the witness to answer how such a state of things can exist. There is said to be honor among thieves; how far this applies to the case of these officers, I don't know.

When this Committee makes its report, we trust that some member of the House will be brave enough to move a vote of censure upon the Chairman for insulting the witnesses, and upon the whole Committee for permitting him to do so.

The *Tribune* still continues to publish interviews with Republicans who are determined to have Blaine whether he wishes it or not. Gen. Hovey of Indiana says he will be "nominated by acclamation." Senator Riddleberger says "Virginia is sure for him." It quotes the *Irish World*, too, as protesting strongly against Blaine's withdrawal, and urging the Republicans to nominate him again as a condition of Irish support. The Pittsburgh *Times* also wants him; so do the Rochester *Democrat*, the Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press*, and several other newspapers. All this has to be taken in connection with the following remark on the editorial page:

"Finally, the Mugwumps and free-trade Independents manifest a disposition to dance on Mr. Blaine's political grave, as they think, and to boast that their individual hostility has killed him, and will kill any other candidate who does not please them. This is not unlikely to incline Republicans to inquire whether a genuine Republican can possibly support any candidate whom they would not assail as malignantly as they have assailed Mr. Blaine."

It is of course hard to say what the foregoing extract means, but probably that if the Mugwumps show signs of supporting any Republican nominee other than Blaine, the Blaineites will "knife" him. This has been long anticipated, and in fact is very likely to happen. No Republican can be allowed to carry any State in which Blaine was beaten, especially this State.

Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia has been frequently urged, during the past two years, to accept a nomination for the Presidency if it were offered to him. He has more than once declined to entertain any such proposal, but as it has been repeated since Mr. Blaine's Florence Message, he has refused it again, but how differently from Mr. Blaine! The latter simply says his name "will not be presented" to the Convention, and this is all. Mr. Childs, on the other hand, says: "As to declining and refusing to be a candidate for President, his mind is firm and unalterable"; and "he repeats his refusal to be a candidate or to be voted for, and adds that he would be compelled to decline the office, honorable and exalted as it is, if by any chance, in the chapter of unforeseen events, he should happen to be elected." This is the way to decline an office when a man really means to decline it. There is here no room for doubt or misunderstanding about Mr. Childs's position. No pleadings or tears from Pat Ford or any other admirer will move him one inch. There will be no use in preparing "acclamation" for him, or hiring "shouters" for him in the Convention. There will be no first, second, or third explanation of his utterances. We ought to add that this refusal makes Mr. Childs an almost unique figure in American history. We believe Gens. Sherman and Sheridan are the only other Americans who have declined a Presidential nomination with this clearness, decisiveness, and unshakable firmness.

Declining the Presidency has various shades and classifications which the public are not slow to recognize. For example:

MR. CHILDS	Would not accept the Presidency if actually elected.
GEN. SHERMAN (in 1884)	If nominated in spite of his declintion, the Convention will hear something that will be disagreeable.
GEN. SHERIDAN	Would not accept a nomination if tendered to him.
MR. BLAINE	His name will not be presented to the Convention, but he congratulates the party that he got 200,000 votes more than Folger did in New York.

Other varieties will appear from time to time as the day of the Convention draws near. The most common will be that of the candidate who will not allow his name to be used unless the nomination is "spontaneous." The number of those who will not feel hurt or discomposed in the least degree if they are not nominated, includes all the rest.

The *Farmers' Voice* of Chicago, a sixteen-page weekly, is pouring hot shot into the tariff. The number of "inequalities" in that arrangement of taxation that the *Voice* discovers is almost equal to the number of dutiable articles. The greatest inequality of all, however, is the general fact that the farmers pay about two-thirds of the cost of maintaining a system of "protection" and get nothing in return. The *Farmers' Voice* publishes at length the memorial of the Farmers' Alliance of the State of Nebraska, which declares, among other things, "that our agricultural products are sold in the open markets of the world in competition with the cheapest labor in the world, while the manufacturer, through the operation of protective tariffs, receives a bonus of 25 to 100 per cent. on his goods." Why does not William Walter Phelps send these benighted people a copy of his speech showing how a home market is secured to the American farmer by the tariff? Evidently these Nebraska agriculturists are in a parlous state. They do not understand that the home market might be taken away from them by foreign wheat-growers if they did not pay an average tax of 45 per cent. on all the dutiable goods they buy.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison made an address before the West Side Club at Providence a few days ago on the subject of the Treasury surplus and the tariff. "The last ditch of protection," said Mr. Garrison, "is the low wages scare," and then he gave the following bit of testimony, which is very much to the point:

"My friend John Graham Brooks, who went to Germany with protective proclivities, was astounded at the explanation given him why the manufacturers wanted a tariff. 'We need it,' they said, 'to protect us against the highly paid labor of England.' 'Say that again,' said Mr. Brooks. 'I don't understand you. Where I came from we ask protection against the low wages of England.' It took but little reflection for him to see that the German had good reason to fear the Englishman. The talisman of success remains with the nation paying the highest wages, and consequently commanding the cheapest labor."

This tallies remarkably with the facts brought out in Consul Schoenhof's recently published report to our Department of State, showing that the American workingman in the textile industries commands higher wages than the English, because, as a general rule, he does more work in a given time, and that he does not really get as high wages by comparison as his superior efficiency entitles him to. In other words, if both American and English operatives were paid by piece-work, the pay of the former would be relatively greater than it is.

We must say that the wool editor of the *Tribune* ought to look after his duties more carefully, for whereas the leading article on Monday was a powerful attack on Mr. Mills of Texas (whom the *Tribune* commonly calls "Premier" Mills, to distinguish him from other Millses who are not premiers), on account of his speech at Providence on the wool tariff, another article in the same paper, discussing our trade with Australia, says:

"A most discouraging feature of the trade is that there is no home trade for returning vessels, beyond three or four cargoes of wool a year. 'If we could import Australian wool,' says one of the traders, 'and could have a home trade equal to the outgoing one, we could make our round charters much cheaper and the out-bound rates of freight lower, and could soon take a fair share of trade. The Australian wools are long and fine, entirely different from those here; they are the finest staple of the world. But, owing to the lack of return trade, rates are higher; at the present time, therefore, the share of the United States trader in manufactured goods is not 10 per cent. of what goes to the colonies. Hence our great disadvantage. We could to-day charter vessels on the basis of forty-five shillings per ton, out and back, if we had the return business, but with no home freight it costs thirty shillings out alone.'"

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Is it not plain that this is a covert attack on the tariff, and that it was smuggled into the paper without the knowledge of the wool editor? Is it not as clear as A B C that if the wool tariff were repealed so that we could import those Australian wools, so long and fine and so entirely different from our own, "the finest staple in the world," we might increase our trade with the "huge island continent" of the antipodes to an enormous extent? And is not the suggestion equally plain that an increase of trade with Australia would be a good thing for the country? Such misleading insinuations ought not to be allowed—certainly not in the same issue of the paper that chastises "Premier" Mills for wool and woollen heresy.

The speech of Mr. Mills at Providence vindicates his title of "Premier" to satisfaction. He promises that the wool tariff shall be abolished if the Committee of Ways and Means can accomplish that end. This is the first hearty and uncompromising statement that has been made by high authority since the President's message was delivered. It promises a real reform and a reduction of the surplus on correct principles. Protecting manufactures with one hand and raw materials with the other is such a travesty of common sense that the human mind recoils in the effort to grasp it. Protection had been going thirty-five years in this country before anybody thought of putting a tariff on wool; or if anybody had thought of it before, the various Congresses from 1789 to 1824 had cast it out as too ridiculous to be considered. In the last-named year, wool secured recognition for the first time, and from that time to this it has been the principal marplot of the revenue system, with the curious result, as Farmer Grosvenor showed in his book, of crippling wool-growing and woollen manufacturing equally and uniformly, so that the highest prices of domestic wool have always been in the low-tariff periods and the lowest prices in the high-tariff periods. Now if "Premier" Mills and his colleagues succeed in casting out this evil spirit, they will render the greatest possible service both to tariff reform and to industrial progress.

One of the funniest outcomes of the agitation against poverty is a claim of copyright, or rather trade-mark, in the name "Anti-Poverty Association," made by Dr. McGlynn. He has moved for and obtained an order to show cause why Henry George's men, Post and Croasdale, should not be restrained by injunction from using the name for their new association. Should he fail, though McGlynn may suffer, the Anti-Poverty cause will not, for the attack of two such organizations on this monster evil of human society must be more effective than that of one only. But, of course, it will cost more to abolish poverty through two organizations than through one.

Henry George's long statement of the causes for the separation of himself and McGlynn contains nothing new. It merely amounts to a confirmation of the report that they have parted company because McGlynn and a few others wished to run a Labor candidate for the Presidency this year on the general plan of the "Butler business over again," and George refused to be a party to such a trick. It is made very plain now that McGlynn and his allies formed the plan as a means of subsistence, and that George opposed it on the much more creditable ground that it would be a fraud upon the public and an injury rather than a benefit to the workingmen. The fundamental cause for the separation undoubtedly is that the Anti-Poverty humbug has ceased to pay, and something else must be found to give its promoters a living. Some of them are now charging the McGlynn faction with misappropriation of funds, but that is a charge which can be brought with equal force against all the charlatans and adventurers who have been figuring as leaders in the movement.

The Hartford *Courant* furnishes a notable comment on the taxation of moneyed capital. The law of Connecticut requires that mortgages shall be taxed against the mortgagee, even though the mortgaged land may be in another State. The Connecticut Tax Commission last year recommended that this class of mortgages should be exempted from taxation, because the property which made the mortgage good was out of the jurisdiction, and also because the tax could not be uniformly collected, there being no means of finding such mortgages unless the holders voluntarily returned them. After a hot debate the Legislature rejected the amendatory bill. And now the *Courant* records that the public authorities of the town of Simsbury, "after full discussion and consideration," have deducted this class of mortgages from the grand list. In other words, they have voted "to suspend a State statute." The *Courant* thinks that it is more likely that the law will be repealed than that proceedings will be taken to coerce the town of Simsbury.

"Party before Country" is the title with which the Milwaukee *Sentinel* introduces an article on the gross partisanship of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, who are reported to contemplate the passage of a bill admitting into the Union New Mexico—at the same time with Dakota, Montana, and Washington. "The population of New Mexico," says the *Sentinel*, "is a kind of population that is not yet fit to assume the responsibilities of Statehood. A majority of its people are ignorant Mexican greasers, speaking no language but a patois of Spanish and Indian. They are utterly unfit for any form of American government, except such as exists under the Territorial condition. New Mexico should not be made a State until the greaser element of its population ceases to be predominant, or has been educated so that a fair proportion speak and read the English language." We heartily agree with this view, but must remind our Milwaukee contemporary that thirteen years ago, when the Republicans had more than a two-thirds majority in the Senate and House of Representatives, both branches passed a bill for the admission of New Mexico, the measure only failing because the Senate amended the House bill so late in the session that adjournment came before an agreement was reached. The *Sentinel* thinks that the Democrats show themselves "partisans whose sole consideration is party," when they propose to admit as a State "the greasers of New Mexico, whom they feel sure can be made to support the Democratic ticket." But what were the Republican members of the Forty-third Congress, who, when the Territory was far less fit to be a State, voted to admit "the greasers of New Mexico," who they then felt sure could be made to support the *Republican* ticket? Will the redeeming process of outnumbering the greasers only end in Democratic supremacy? And if so, must New Mexico always be kept in a Territorial condition?

Mr. Pearson, the Postmaster, had the good fortune to receive a valuable testimonial of efficiency from Tammany Hall last week. The Committee on Organization passed a resolution calling for the Postmaster's removal, on the ground that he is "outrageously mismanaging his office," that his letter-carriers "are notoriously underpaid and overworked," that "any unfortunate letter-carrier who has complained of unjust treatment has been ruthlessly rejected from his place," and that the man who is responsible for all these evils is Mr. Pearson, "than whom, excepting in Russia, a greater autocrat does not exist." Precisely what the provocation for this impassioned outburst is, was not indicated during the debate, but any one familiar with the processes of the Tammany mind will have no doubt that the trouble has sprung either from the loss of a place in the Post-office by some Tammany worker, or the refusal of Mr. Pearson to put some such worker in a nice berth. Tammany's hunger for possession of the New York Post-office has been increasing steadily for three years, and at times it becomes too painful to be borne without loud outcries.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie reiterates his belief that the Crown Prince's disease is not cancer, and that no trace of cancer has ever been detected by microscopical examination. Other accounts are contradictory, but the fact remains, and it impresses the public both in Germany and elsewhere probably more than the reports of the doctors, that the Prince grows somewhat worse from month to month, and that a more formidable operation than the last one is now talked of. He may yet recover, as the whole civilized world hopes he may, but he has not as yet entered on the road to it. Prince William, his son, has taken occasion—we presume, in view of the situation—to deny publicly, as slanderous, the charge that he is a mere soldier, and has a feather-headed longing for war for war's sake.

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VOTING AGAINST THEIR CONVICTIONS.

THE Senate came to a vote on the Blair bill on Wednesday week, and passed it by a vote of 39 to 29—a marked change from the two previous records of 33 to 11 in 1884 and 36 to 11 in 1886. Allowing for pairs, 43 Senators were for the bill and 33 against it. Of the 39 Republican members of the body, 26 were for the bill and 13 against it. Of the 37 Democratic Senators, 20 were against the bill and 17 for it—a clear majority even of the Democratic Senators from the old slave States, in whose special behalf the bill has always been urged, being against it. In other words, if the decision had been confined to the Republican Senators, the bill would have passed, 26 to 13, or by exactly a two-thirds vote; while if it had been confined to the Democratic Senators, it would have been rejected, 20 to 17.

Gen. Hawley, Republican Senator from Connecticut, closed his powerful speech against the bill on Tuesday by expressing the "wish that every Senator would vote upon it just exactly as he feels about it." Mr. Hale, Republican Senator from Maine, who made a vigorous assault upon the bill the next day, closed by declaring his belief that many of those Senators who had heretofore voted for the bill were now beset with doubt and fears, and, if they cast their votes in accordance with their present belief, would be arrayed against it.

The Blair bill is, in its far-reaching consequences, one of the most important measures passed by the Senate since the war. Two-thirds of the Republican Senators voted or were paired in favor of its passage, yet it is notorious that of these twenty-six there are not more than six who honestly believe in the wisdom of the measure, or who sincerely desire its enactment into law. It has been supported on the Republican side during the discussion by its author in several characteristically "cranky" speeches; by Mr. Bowen of Colorado, a weak Senator, in a weak speech; by Mr. Stewart of Nevada, in a curiously illogical speech; and by Mr. Evarts of New York, in one of those remarkable utterances which lend weight to the recent remark of one of his Republican colleagues that he "never knew Mr. Evarts to have clear ideas on any subject." Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts has advocated Federal aid to Southern education, in one form or another, for many years, and may be credited with representing his honest convictions in his affirmative vote.

But Senator after Senator voted publicly for a bill which they had privately admitted ought not to become a law. Here are a few illustrations:

A Republican Senator from a New England State told another Senator early in January that he "had become convinced that the bill was unwise, unnecessary, and wholly vicious, but he felt constrained to vote for it in deference to the sentiment of his State." It became clear within a month, through the tone of the press and the letters of educators, that the bill was not endorsed by the public sentiment of his State. He then said that he should vote for the bill "out of deference to his colleague," who had always supported the policy, and he did so vote.

The two Republican Senators from another State agreed in the opinion that the bill was a bad bill and ought not to be supported, but they voted for it because somebody had got the Legislature of their State to pass resolutions endorsing the measure, although these resolutions were rushed through without consideration, and represented no intelligent public sentiment.

A Republican Senator from a Western State recently said: "When I first came here I felt very strongly that it was the duty of the Government to lend its aid in the education of the colored people. I feel somewhat so yet; nevertheless, I confess to a very great feeling of doubt as to the propriety of passing the bill." He voted to pass it.

A Republican Senator from another Western State recently said: "There is much good sense in the arguments urged against the bill, but a vote against it would be regarded, without explanation, as adverse to the cause of education. I cannot place myself in that position." He voted for the bill.

A Republican member of the Judiciary Committee, to a suggestion as to the unconstitutionality of the bill, answered: "What's the use of talking about the question of constitutionality? If the people want the bill, let them have it." He voted for the bill.

A number of other Republican Senators, who had voted for the bill once or twice before, have admitted over and over again during the past month that they "were sick of the bill, and thought it ought not to become a law, but could not find excuse for reversing their former action." They all voted for it, not possessing the manliness shown by Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin, who was not ashamed to admit by his vote that he had learned something during the past two years.

The decadence of the Republican party has never been more strikingly shown than in the passage of this bill by two-thirds of the Republican Senators, although not above six of the twenty-six who voted to make it a law believe that it ought to become a law. Fancy a Republican Senator in Lincoln's day finding it necessary to implore his party colleagues to vote upon a bill just exactly as they felt, and then seeing them vote the other way! Fancy Senator William Pitt Fessenden voting for a bill "out of deference to his colleague"! Fancy Senator Charles Sumner voting for a bill which he believed to be a bad bill because the Legislature of his State had been inveigled into a hasty endorsement of it! Fancy Senator William H. Seward of the "irrepressible conflict" period deliberately voting for a bill, which he had once carelessly favored, after he had become convinced of its pernicious character, because he lacked the courage to explain his change of mind! Fancy Senator Salmon P. Chase ridiculing the idea of talking about the constitutionality of a bill!

It is not believed that the Blair bill can become a law. But why? Only because the Democratic party controls the lower branch of Congress and the Executive Department. It is not thought that the bill can get a majority in the Democratic House; if it should squeeze through the House by a combination of most of the Republican members with a minority of the Democrats, the greatest confidence is expressed that the President, who interposed his veto to the Texas Seed Bill a year ago, would in the same way block the equally unconstitutional Blair bill now.

"I am willing to see the bill defeated by any of the constitutional means," said Gen. Hawley in concluding his speech, "whether by the House, by the Senate, or by the President." It has passed one of these stages by a two-thirds vote of the Republican Senators. If the Republicans controlled the House, it would pass the second stage. If the Republicans had elected their candidate to the Presidency in 1884, it would pass the third stage, and become a law. In other words, the salvation of the nation from what Gen. Hawley properly considers a measure to change the whole theory of our government, is found in the fact that the Republican party was beaten in the election four years ago.

OUR UNHAPPY CONSULS.

THE efforts of Mr. Belmont during the last Congress to improve the consular service—efforts which, we understand, are to be repeated during the present session—entitle anything he may say on the subject to the most respectful attention. It seems to us, however, judging from his article in the *Forum*, that the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs hardly appreciates the seriousness of the evils which he aims to correct, or perceives how radical must be any measures able to remove them. Mr. Belmont's chief points are (1) that the salaries paid our representatives, as compared with those of other nations, are inadequate to secure the services of competent men, and (2) that our system of paying a large proportion of the consuls by fees instead of salaries, as well as permitting those so paid to be engaged in trade, tends to produce a dishonest rivalry between contiguous consulates, in order, by winking at fraudulent invoices, to attract the patronage of shippers, and hence increase the fees. The latter evil might, indeed, be abolished by the means proposed; but increase of salaries, the system of appointment remaining the same, would, it seems to us, only make the places more valuable as spoils, and hence still further diminish fixity of tenure.

We may seem to be advocating a Utopian remedy when we say that the first condition of an honest and efficient service is permanence of tenure; and the second, the adoption of some method by which appointment shall no longer be given to the henchmen or dependent relatives of politicians. These are, indeed, commonplaces of civil-service reform, but, from ignorance of the duties of consuls, the public fails to perceive that while, in all other branches of the public service, the realization of these principles is *desirable*, in the consular it is *essential*. With ordinary ability and industry, anybody can become a respectable postmaster or department

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clerk, while it requires unusual faculties and training to make a good consul. But the main reason is that consular officers have innumerable opportunities to defraud the Government and the mercantile community, which are rarely found in other branches of the civil service. Frauds enough, no doubt, occur in connection with whiskey prosecutions, and star-routes, and post-traderships; but there is practical security against these in the fact that they are committed almost within sight of the newspapers and the business public, while consuls act thousands of miles away, and though they may be watched by their official superiors as carefully as circumstances permit, they are almost entirely free from the much more effective scrutiny of the public.

If a man could enter the service with the confidence he would have if in the employ of a private firm, that he would keep his place during good behavior, the temptation to ill-conduct of any kind would be more than counterbalanced by fear of detection and consequent dismissal. But our system directly encourages dishonesty, first by appointing men of all degrees of incompetency or inexperience in mercantile affairs, and then by saying to them, in effect: "At the end of four years (more or less) you will be kicked out of your position. Your capacity and devotion to the interests of the Government and of your countrymen individually (if you should display such qualities) will make little difference in your fate. Your honesty (if you are honest) will not keep you in; your rascality (if you start that way or yield to temptation) will hardly be detected and acted upon before the end of that time. Even if you should be dismissed on this account a little sooner than you would otherwise be, your friends would believe that it was all 'politics,' so that your future in private life would not be injured. So, you see, by being conscientious you have nothing to gain, and, as you will soon learn, everything (save *self*-respect) to lose."

Now this is a devilishly good argument, even if the newly appointed consul were fresh from a divinity school; how much more so if, as is generally the case, the man has been "on the make" for years or decades before his appointment, and has got the place after a long-continued competitive examination in political unscrupulousness. It used to be said, not by the enemies, but by the friends, of a certain ante-bellum Governor of a Northern State, whose election, owing to accidental circumstances, was held to be of advantage to the party at large, that, being offered at the close of his term his choice between a European legation and an important consulship, he chose the latter "because he was poor, and needed to lay by something." As the salary was far from large, it is obvious that there must have been large pecuniary advantages incident to the position, or his praiseworthy purpose would have remained unfulfilled. At that period, indeed, the home authorities gave the consuls a very loose rein; their accounts were passed with little or no examination, and opportunities for illicit gain, if not more numerous, were at least much less exposed to detection than they now are. Cases were known in which consuls' accounts of thousands of dollars per annum were allowed on forged vouchers and receipts of mythical shipwrecked seamen—a speculation which to-day, owing to improved inspection facilities, might turn out less profitable. But all who have been brought in contact either with ex-consuls (the honest ones), or with persons engaged in foreign trade, are aware of the practically innumerable ways in which consuls still can (and do) cause loss of money and vexation of spirit.

The consular career of a Tilghman or a Badeau occasionally becomes notorious through the newspapers; but purely commercial annoyances require too much explanation to make it worth the while of the press to discuss them. In many cases, too, it is impossible to convict a consul of a dishonest motive, although the aggrieved party may feel sure that his only object was blackmail. If convicted of error in interpreting the law, the excuse of ignorance, in a person often without experience or training, is very plausible.

In conclusion, we venture to suggest to Mr. Belmont a reform the operation of which would be so slow that the politicians would have ample time—a generation or more—to get used to it, yet which would eventually purify and immensely improve the service. The law provides for twelve consular clerks, who hold office during good behavior. The supposed object of this provision was to train young men to fill consular offices; but observe how beautifully it works. When a clerk is appointed to a consulate, he loses the benefit of the good-behavior clause, so that, after a few years, he is turned on the world in even worse condition than the political consul, for the latter may, meantime, have "made his pile," and at any rate can return to that station of life from which the Government saw fit to call him. The clerk's alternative (if he is allowed one) is to remain for ever at a salary of $1,200 a year, which is hardly a future to attract a man of conspicuous ability or energy. Our proposal is simply this: that when a consular clerk is promoted to a consulship, and is subsequently removed, he shall resume his former status. The consequence of this would be the gradual increase in the number of consular clerks, until the Government would be enjoying the services of an unnecessarily large number. The public, however, would not permit competent men to be idle in the service, and would insist that a larger proportion of them should be appointed to consulships. And eventually, we think, the reform sentiment would be so strong that appointments of untrained men would be as rare as they now are in the military service, in which the Government schools serve the purpose which the institution of consular clerks was intended to accomplish for the consular.

BROKERS' GLOOM.

Among the interesting social phenomena of the day none is more curious than the influence which the prevalence of gloom among stock-brokers has on the general community, touching the condition of trade and finance. When business is dull for any great length of time in Wall Street—that is, when very few people are purchasing railroad stocks, and there is consequently a heavy falling off in brokers' commissions—a feeling is very soon diffused through the whole community that times are very bad, and the future very dark, and the need of economy very pressing. Nothing suffices to make head against this gloom. The retail trade of the city may generally be very good; the exports, and, *pace* Mr. Blaine and Mr. Edmunds, the imports, as heavy as usual, or heavier than usual; work may be abundant, wages high, the banks full of money, but if the stock-brokers groan, the rest of the population are apt to feel pains in their own bones.

This is the more curious because everybody who thinks much about the matter knows very well that dulness in Wall Street, whatever its cause, means actually that but few stocks are changing hands. It does not mean that many stockholders are eager to sell, but simply that very few are eager to buy. It does not mean that any stockholder is in pressing need of money, or has any difficulty in borrowing money, or is in any way distressed in mind, body, or estate. Nor does it mean that the investors are not investing, but keeping their money lying idle, because simple investment furnishes but a small part of a broker's business, and may be as good as ever in the gloomiest times without at all diminishing the gloom. What makes bad times in Wall Street is the absence of speculation, or the purchase of large quantities of stocks with the view of selling them again immediately, or very soon, to somebody else, who, in turn, also means to get rid of them as soon as possible. This process of quick transfer from hand to hand of course might be active to the verge of riotousness, without indicating anything positive with regard to the real condition of general business. As a matter of fact, it has mostly been witnessed after a period of prolonged prosperity, which has begot a speculative spirit, and furnished people with plenty of money to speculate with. But it is not a process which in any way increases the wealth of the community. Consequently, its disappearance does not indicate any diminution in the wealth of the community. What hinders it just now, we imagine, is simply a dread of Wall Street as a gambling-place in which the cards are marked, or the dice loaded, and in which neither skill nor experience has any special value. But the only persons out of pocket by its absence are the brokers, who get their commissions on all transfers, whether the buyer or seller makes any money by the transaction or not.

But the brokers, it may be said, are but a small body; why, then, should any diminution in their income produce a widespread impression that the times are hard, and make even the owners of assured fortunes feel reluctant to spend money? Well, the reason probably is that they are the class whose influence is most felt in what may be

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called the market for luxuries. There is an aleatory quality about their incomes—that is, a tendency to great extremes, and a liability to sudden changes—which seems to beget in all men exposed to its influence a strong disposition to lavish expenditure. Another feature in their earnings, too, which operates in the same way, is that the same amount of labor may bring in either a very small or an immensely large return. It takes very little more time or thought to sell $1,000,000 worth of stock than $10,000, but the gains in the former case are one hundred fold greater than in the latter.

The general result is that the brokers, taken as a whole, are the most free-handed class we have. No class makes itself more markedly felt at Delmonico's, the theatres, the carriage-maker's, the tailor's, the wine merchant's, the jeweller's, the furrier's, the horse-dealer's, and the clubs; and when the best customers begin to retrench in all these places, a loud lament over the times soon begins to be heard in the land. The late Lorenzo Delmonico used to say that he could always tell whether business was good in Wall Street by listening to the popping of the corks in his restaurant, and we may be sure they always popped more for brokers than for anybody else. Now a falling off in the demand for luxuries affects general opinion about the state of trade much more quickly than a falling off in the demand for the ordinary necessaries of life. The reason is that there is about all consumption of luxuries a good deal of éclat. They are rarely enjoyed secretly, or even privately. The man who fares sumptuously every day wants the world to know it, and invites many to share his pleasure with him. A fine carriage and horses, too, or a fine house, are public proclamations of affluence. So are diamonds and other precious stones. So is a large wardrobe. When any individual who has been in the enjoyment of these things lays them aside, or refrains from them, or groans over the possession of them as something he cannot afford, all his friends perceive it and speculate as to the cause of it. When many do it at the same time, the air gets filled with sounds of woe from all the purveyors of good things.

It is useful at times to remember this close connection of speculation in stocks with good living, when one hears lamentations over the condition of the market, and to remember also that the market may be terribly dull, even for long periods, without much worse results than temporarily depriving a body of capital fellows of yachts, and horses, and carriages, and French cookery, and good claret and champagne.

THE ENGLISH TROUBLES.

ALTHOUGH it is still improbable that the Tory Ministry in England will dissolve Parliament and lay their policy before the voters any sooner than the expiration of the customary term, nevertheless the signs that they may be driven to it multiply. The Liberal Unionists on whose support their ability to avoid a dissolution depends, still held firm at the last division, but things are occurring which must in some degree shake their resolution. The various boroughs into which the city of London is now divided have hitherto stood by the Conservatives on the Irish question pretty steadily, but the result of the election in Southwark appears to have astounded both parties. The Liberal majority there has jumped, on a new registration, from a little over 100 to more than 1,100 in a vote of 6,000. In one of the Edinburgh divisions Mr. Buchanan, who was returned at the last election as a Liberal Unionist, has been converted to Home Rule by the coercion policy in the interval, and resigned his seat in order to give his constituents an opportunity of passing on his change of opinion. He, too, has been again elected, showing that the majority of the voters have followed him into the Gladstonian camp.

These things, it is true, are merely "straws," but they are straws of great significance, and they are making a deep impression on the mind of English politicians; all the deeper because the news of them came almost simultaneously with the great oratorical triumph achieved in the House of Commons by the Liberals through Gladstone and O'Brien—Gladstone's speech in particular being reported as one of the finest, if not the finest, he has ever made. The scene in the Commons when Balfour had to face a torrent of fierce and, it is said, very skilful invective from his late prisoner, O'Brien, is represented as extremely dramatic, and was one to which Balfour's light, chaffing, cynical tone was singularly unsuited in the eyes of a democratic public.

In truth, Balfour is now probably beginning for the first time to realize the value of the advice Lord Hartington gave the Ministry—not to proclaim the National League under the Coercion Act, but reserve the powers which this act gave for positive and well-defined criminality, such as outrages, and boycotting, and actual resistance to the officers of the law. The proclamation of the League, and the consequent prohibition of its meetings, led through the inexorable logic of events to the very thing from which the Liberal Unionists naturally shrunk—the prosecution of political Parliamentary opponents before magistrates removable at the pleasure of the Crown. It is now two hundred years since any English minister has ventured to pursue criminally politicians for saying things which the Opposition in the House approved of and agreed with. This Balfour has not only done, but has sought to aggravate it by treating them as ordinary criminals, and subjecting them to such indignities as prison rules permitted. In other words, he has infused a spice of personal hatred and contempt into his treatment of men who vote against him in the House of Commons, and whom the Liberal party support.

This reintroduction of ferocity into party politics in the England of to-day is, of course, an immense blunder, but it is a blunder which the proclamation of the League made necessary. If the Ministry had not used vigorously the powers given them by the Coercion Act, the desperate fight they made for its passage would have seemed a piece of great folly. But they might have confined themselves to pursuing small criminals. When they proclaimed the League, they had to attack orators and editors, and when they began to attack orators and editors who had an English party at their back, they inevitably recalled the old Tory methods of the days before the Reform Bill, when Leigh Hunt had to go to jail for calling the Prince of Wales a "fat Adonis." The meeting between Balfour and O'Brien in the House—that is, between the prisoner and his jailer—was therefore not only a dramatic, but a disagreeable scene to most English Liberals. O'Brien is, to be sure, a noisy and excitable person, but he is sincere and self-sacrificing, and it shocks people to have him treated as a common pickpocket because a jaunty young aristocrat like Balfour disapproves of his language on the platform.

The charge that O'Brien's and Blunt's language excited common people to the commission of crimes and offences is an old charge, which the Tories have always in every agitation brought against their political opponents. In every agitation there are ignorant or impulsive men who resort to violence under very slight stimulation from the press or the platform; but Liberals have never, in any country, admitted that this was a good reason for silence. The Republicans at the North were in this way made responsible for John Brown's raid into Virginia, and John Bright himself was accused in 1866, during the movement for an extension of the suffrage, of being dangerous to the public peace. He actually did say that if the popular demands were not conceded, "a great exhibition of opinion" might before long be converted into "a great exhibition of force." He then repelled the charge against himself in a memorable speech in London by saying:

> "These opponents of ours, many of them secretly in the press, have charged us with being the promoters of a great and dangerous excitement. They say we are the source of the danger which threatens; they have absolutely the effrontery to charge me with being the friend of public disorder. I am one of the people. Surely, if there be one thing in a free country more clear than another, it is that any one of the people may speak openly to the people."

He then added that he was only warning of their danger men who were living on the side of a volcano, and ended by declaring that "the Tory party was the turbulent party of this nation." He described the turbulence and disorder then as now prevailing in Ireland, and described the naval and military preparations made to put it down, and hurled again at the Tories the taunt that "they had no remedy for this state of things but that ancient, and rude, and savage remedy, the remedy of military force." He also quoted, from an address from a Swiss convention to our Government after the war, a passage which he called "an expression of true philosophy and true statesmanship," to the effect that "unfinished questions have no pity for the repose of nations." This is as true of the existing situation as it was of that of twenty-two years ago.

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The Irish question is emphatically one of those "unfinished questions" which have no pity for the repose of nations; and to try to keep it out of sight by putting half-a-dozen agitators into prison dress and making them pick oakum, is a bit of the childishness which has been a characteristic of Tory statesmanship ever since the conservatives of the world began to fight with the printing-press and call for silence.

A WARWICKSHIRE WORTHY.

WARWICKSHIRE, February 1, 1888.

Two days ago a group of some twenty persons were gathered together in the old Church of St. Mary's at Warwick, to do honor to one of Warwick's most distinguished sons. Hitherto, no visible record in the ancient midland town has reminded the inhabitants, or told the thousands of visitors who find their way thither every year, that Walter Savage Landor—of whom it was said that "he wrote English better than any man living, and his Latin was as good as his English"—was born in the solid, red-brick, Queen Anne house just outside the East Gate. Nay, many a dweller in Warwickshire only knows the name as connected with an honored member of the family who now owns the small remnant of the Tachbrook property sold by Landor in 1809 to his brother Henry. Verily, a prophet has no honor in his own country. But at last the great writer's family have taken the matter in hand. The words "Landor, Born 1775," over the door of the red-brick house will henceforth remind the passer-by who it was who saw the light in its panelled rooms, and the beautiful monument erected by his eldest surviving son in St. Mary's Church will perpetuate the memory of a master of English, the fellow-countryman of William Shakspere and George Eliot.

It was Landor's birthday, January 30, that had been chosen for the unveiling of his monument. As the first flakes of a snow-storm shattered down, darkening the great windows of the church, and the scanty knot of friends huddled together in their furs round the stoves in the naye, his own verses, composed on one of his birthdays, and among the best he ever wrote, appeared almost prophetic:

"The day returns, my natal day,
Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay,
Stricken by Time and bow'd by Woe.

"Many were once the friends who came
To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now—but not the same;
They are whence friends can never come;

"Nor are they you my love watcht o'er
Cradled in innocence and sleep.
You smile into my eyes no more,
Nor see the bitter tears they weep."

And yet, as we looked on the little assemblage, we thought it was just such an one as Landor himself would have cared for—very personal, very local. There were his nieces, who held him in warm affection apart from all admiration for his genius; a grandniece and grandnephew. Miss Percy had come from Guy's Cliff, where Landor must have wandered a hundred times about the Saxon Hermit's Cell. Lady Warwick had come from the Kingmaker's Castle to honor him who was known at Oxford as the "mad Jacobin." Two American ladies were there, whose presence reminded us that by our transatlantic cousins Landor has always been more warmly appreciated than by the public of his own country. There, too, were the mayor of his native town, a few neighbors, a few local clergy, a few friends of the family, and, lastly, a link with the warmest friendship of Landor's life, there came the venerable master of the Leicester Hospital (that enchanting labyrinth of black timbers, white panels, bears, and ragged staffs at the West Gate), at once the son-in-law and the nephew of Robert Southey. It was fitting he should be there, and, with a delightful touch of graceful sentiment, he carried in his hand a copy, bound in finest red morocco, of the rare edition of the ten 'Idyllia Heroica,' printed and published at Landor's own expense at Pisa in 1820. This copy the author had given to his friend Southey, and on the richly tooled cover we saw Landor's monogram, and looked with no little interest at a number of Latin notes and corrections in his handwriting scattered throughout the pages.

The little ceremony was simple enough: a few well-chosen words from the husband of one of Landor's nieces, as his surviving sons could not be in England; a word or two from the Vicar of St. Mary's. Then, as the red curtain fell, it revealed a recess of rich, brown-streaked Derbyshire alabaster, sunk deeply in the wall of the tower which Christopher Wren rebuilt, and in the recess the bust of this Warwickshire master of English prose resting on a book, with the simple words below, "Walter Savage Landor, born at Warwick, Jan. 30, 1775, died at Florence, Sept. 17, 1864." As his nephew-in-law well said, quoting a passage from 'Pericles and Aspasia'—those volumes, so full of pregnant sayings, of sonorous and perfectly balanced sentences: "The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish."

Save for the one exception of our American friends, the little company was, as we have said, eminently local, and we felt that Landor would have appreciated this strong Warwickshire flavor; for he was Warwickshire born and bred. Walter Savage Landor was the eldest son of the head of an old Staffordshire family, who, leaving his property in that county, had settled down to the practice of medicine in Warwick. His mother was one of four coheiresses of an ancient Warwickshire family, the Savages of Tachbrook, a pleasant country village equidistant some three miles from Warwick and Leamington. From his father he inherited the Staffordshire property. From his mother he not only inherited the Tachbrook estate, but that of Ipsley on the borders of Worcestershire, as well as a share of the reversionary interest in Hughenden Manor in Buckinghamshire, better known of late as the home of Lord Beaconsfield. His boyhood was entirely passed in his native county. He was first sent to school at the cruelly early age of four at Knowle, some ten miles from Warwick. Six years later he went to Rugby, while his holidays were spent at the two country houses on the Savage estates, or in the panelled red-brick house at Warwick.

Remarkably gifted, well born, well bred, handsome, healthy, and heir to considerable property, no life could promise better for happiness and success than that of young Walter, whose genius and whose charm exercised a powerful fascination on those who knew him. But all was marred by the ungovernable violence, the incurable unreason of his temperament, which burst forth at times, bringing him into collision with his father, with his masters, with Welsh stewards, with Italian police, with English publishers, with Austrian governors—at home and abroad, in public and in private, all through his long and tempestuous career. The story of his life is about as sad as any the history of letters can show. But all this is only too well known. We in Warwickshire have but to do with the sunnier side of his nature, for some of the happiest days in his stormy later life were those of the annual visit of a month or six weeks that he paid his sister, who lived on in the old Warwick house; and those who saw him on these occasions delight in telling of his kindliness, his courtliness, his affection. All through his years of wandering and exile he turned with a deep and abiding love to his old homes, to "the mulberries, cedars, and fig trees of the Warwick garden; the nut-walk and apricots of Tachbrook." The mulberry tree still lives. But the old red-brick house is now turned into a large public school for girls, and the stately garden where Landor and his sisters picked up mulberries—the garden he would fain have reproduced in Boccaccio's Valley at "aerial Fiesole"—is now a playground for the daughters of Warwick tradesmen and Warwickshire farmers. But the nut-walk at Tachbrook is kept by loving hands just as it was in the days when "Uncle Walter" wandered up and down it on his visits to his brother Henry, the happy possessor of the delicious seventeenth-century house of many gables nestling among the huge elm trees.

A worthy son of the county "that so great spirits has bred," the first English book that Landor bought with his own money at school was Drayton's 'Polyolbion.' One of his first schoolboy poems, written among the peppermint on the bank of the square pool at Rugby, was upon a Warwickshire subject, "Leofric and Godiva," which appeared years after as one of the most perfect of his dramatic dialogues. And his close acquaintance with the neighborhood of his native place, as well as his intense love for Shakspere, induced him to undertake that weighty composition which occupied him during a great part of his life in the Villa Gherardesca at Fiesole—'The Examination of William Shakspeare.' Some years before the work in its present form was actually begun, he wrote to Southey that "he was trembling at his own audacity in venturing to bring Shakspere upon the scene." But what was Landor if not audacious? It must, however, be confessed that, apart from its interest to those who know the accuracy of every local allusion—the red tiles of Snitterfield, the rich, damp meads of Alveston, and so forth—the volume does not compare favorably with the exquisite 'Pericles and Aspasia' that followed it. It is his longest and most sustained attempt at humorous writing; and, as Mr. Lowell remarks in his delightful and discriminating notice of Landor in the current number of the *Century*, we sometimes "cannot help feeling that his humor is horse-play," and "that he now and again misses the true mean that can be grave without heaviness and light without levity."

In Warwick Church, within whose walls lie some of those splendid patrons of letters of the time when England was a nest of singing birds—haughty Leicester, Ambrose, the "Good Earl of Warwick," Fulke Greville, whose solemn monument bears his proudest title, "the friend of Philip Sidney"—it is right that we should have a record of this later Warwickshire worthy. In these days of loose thinking and loose writing, it is good to remember that he has given us pages that will serve as models of pure English prose to all time. And Landor's bust in his native town may awaken the slumbering literary conscience in some who look upon it, and prove an incentive to graver thought, to more moderate and accurate expression, than is the fashion in our slipshod, hurried, feverish writing of the eighteen-eighties.

Massive and stately as his own massive and stately prose, his "leonine" head looks up the nave to that beautiful chancel with its almost

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unique roof of double ribs above the founder's battered tomb. Not only is the bust, according to those who knew him best, an admirable likeness, but the artist, Mr. Forsyth, has given with remarkable success the courtly, dignified look of the well-bred man of the old school, the tender, humorous expression about the firm, proud mouth. As we gazed on his face we could well picture him, even in his later broken years, standing bareheaded as he helped his lady friends into their carriages, "full of beautiful, complimentary speeches, of quick and graceful retorts, of simple, old-fashioned presents and attentions." We could imagine, too, his vehement denunciations of modern manners and modern language, his humorous intolerance of slang, his unbounded wrath against such "corruptions" of classic English as "giant trees," "monster meetings," "palmy days," "pluck," "sham," "humbug," etc. He looks, as he felt himself to be, "a sentinel keeping guard over the honor and integrity of the English language." And, though traces of the passionate, ungoverned nature, of the "volcanic temperament," are not wanting, yet the impression left on one's mind by this admirable work of art is as it should be—the best of the man. Kind and tender, generous to a fault, utterly exempt from spite, meanness, or the jealousy of smaller minds, loyal in friendship, wholesome and courageous — such a man was Landor in spite of grave defects. "Caring not a straw for popularity and little more for fame," to use his own words, he went through life striving after the most severely accurate expression of the great thoughts that were in him. "I hate false words," he says, "and seek with care, difficulty, and moroseness those that fit the thing."

Landor has been and probably always will be "caviare to the general." Yet it is much to say of a man that more than twenty years after his death, more than ninety years after his first works appeared, he still holds his own —that his writings are as deeply appreciated by the few as they ever were. It is much that such a writer, such a critic, as Mr. Lowell should be able to say to-day, "He has uttered through the mask of his interlocutors . . . more wisdom on such topics of life and thought as interested or occurred to him than is to be found outside of Shakspere; and that in an English so pure, so harmonious, and so stirringly sonorous, that he might almost seem to have added new stops to the organ which Milton found sufficient for his needs."

R. G. K.

A TALK ON RELIGION WITH RENAN.

PARIS, February 4, 1888.

IT would have been not a little astonishing if, after all the noise made when from time to time a priest entered wedlock, a definitive decision of the Supreme Court recognizing the validity of such marriages caused no commotion in the public calmness. But the stir has been so well modulated that we are tempted to ask: "Where do we find ourselves? Is this placid public the same that so revolted at the *liberalism* of Père Hyacinthe?"—just as, two months ago, when the late President was dismissed without further notice than a month's wages in advance, we were questioning if this wholesome home-made recipe was compounded by the same people who had hitherto believed in no other detersive than revolutions. Decidedly we are undergoing a salubrious evolution, as was expressed by M. Renan in a nutshell when he said to Père Hyacinthe, the day after his marriage: "You will not be understood now, . . . but after your death your example will furnish the model of many romances."

M. Renan recognizes in the edict of the Court of Cassation but a step towards the era of liberty which he anticipates in religion—not that he thinks the Church is on the eve of a crisis, but that time is accomplishing its decrees. I had the good luck, for one who has questions to ask, to find the great philosopher alone in his study. The Collège de France, with its noble court-yard and grand stairways, its atmosphere laden with repose, seems to have been expressly created for the man who calls life a "promenade through reality." His study is the last of an *enfilade* of rooms on the second floor above the libraries and lecture-halls. In the midst of the simple grandeur and luxury of these apartments essentially classic, the visitor feels instinctively that the rumors of the outside world are transiently entertained there.

M. Renan has the strong features of a solid race and of a sedate thinker; his cast of countenance has often been likened to unctuous abbatial dignity. His eyes, quick and searching, close while the words come from his quiet mouth in ample sentences, with a musical completeness, divorced from passion and prejudice, that gives to the communication the charm of truth. It is difficult in that serene presence to discover a likeness to the medallion portrait sculptured some twenty-five years ago, and which, to escape being entirely defaced, had to be removed from the Museum of Narbonne. At that time there were fanatics ready to put to death the man who assumed the responsibility of retelling the precious legends, and of showing us a new portrait of the young martyr, divinely sympathetic, whose supreme love for mankind redeemed the whole world.

"Do you think that the sanction of the civil laws will encourage the Catholic priests to make a decided move towards matrimony?" was my first question.

Turning from his writing-table, heaped with documents for 'The History of Israël,' M. Renan reflectively said: "Few, very few priests will be influenced by the civil interference, for the reason that marriage means divorce from the Church. Church accepts every sacrifice, . . . gives nothing in return. No illusion is possible on the part of the priest who wishes to marry. Obedience is the essence of the hierarchy in the Catholic Church, and is more rigorously enforced than its dogmas. If there is no dogma in the Catholic Church prohibiting marriage to its priests—before Charlemagne's time some bishops were married — the law of celibacy is jealously enforced by a conventional law of obedience. Now the priest is free to marry, and society will greet him like any other citizen. But it is quite natural that his bishop, whom he has disobeyed, should take from him his post; it would be unreasonable not to expect this. If hitherto the position of the married ex-priest has been so irregular in the eyes of society, it was on account of the unsteadiness of civil justice when dealing with religious questions since the Concordat of 1801."

"But don't you think, monsieur, that the Church will eventually make a compromise, and admit of its officers becoming men of family, as we see in other creeds?"

"Doubtless we should rejoice to see such modifications, but we dare not hope for them. Dissenters will arise and repeat the example of Père Hyacinthe; it is the fate of the Church to be ruptured by schisms. But Catholicism is too old a religion to admit of changes. Père Hyacinthe annulled the great influence he might have exerted by preaching that which the French could never become reconciled to—a married priest celebrating the mass."

"This prejudice of a Catholic-born but Voltairian nation was well expressed by M. Guizot, when he wrote Dean Stanley that there were French who disbelieved in God but maintained the celibacy of priests," I said.

"Very true; but the old Catholicism is immovable, and will vary without varying. Its very inflexibility will be the cause of the diminishing of its influence. Confession, so well suited to mediæval ages, is full of dangers in modern society. However, all these changes must be wrought without violent shocks. We have but to follow the evolutions until the old prejudices wear themselves out."

"Then you are not so sanguine as the fascinating Carmelite who undertook the delicate mediation between the Church and the feverish world? Père Hyacinthe is more hopeful: he finds but three changes necessary for Catholicism to resume its triumphant and evangelic march through coming ages—not to enforce belief in the Pope's infallibility, to make confession optional, and to allow the priest to marry."

M. Renan smiled, and, lowering his voice (which for a moment lent the illusion of being in a sacristy), continued: "What is more necessary is liberty—liberty for every man to compress the juice of the religion that pleases him best, to make of it an aliment. The infinite must be free to all, that man may erect structures, ideal and chimerical, according to his heart's dictates. Each one must be allowed to indulge his own romance fashioned as it pleases him, . . . allowed to accept the meaning of God in his own way. Religion is all signification, and depends for its transformation on the degree of culture in societies where it is nourished. For the countryman it is still a necessity; he will be the last to recede from the old forms, for he will require something in its stead. Sunday seems to have been expressly invented for the purpose of social gatherings in the scattered, simple life of country folk. The provinces will for some time require the priest to serve mass and confession; it is an agreeable diversion. In large centres the higher circles make religion a less frequent topic of conversation, and it seldom furnishes the cause of controversy. . . . Catholics and Protestants may spend days together without showing a desire to proselyte. All this I consider propitious to future liberality. . . . We are fast receding from many of the false laws of society as we have done from our beliefs in the supernatural. The question of marriage is incidental. The time may come when, both in religious and civil motives, it will no longer be a stumbling-block. Love will be consecrated without that ceremony we now call marriage, and those unions will be sanctioned by society. The world is already more charitable to those who love purely and disinterestedly; and the woman who is guided by her affection finds judges more lenient than the one who has learned that youth and beauty have a value."

And thus the conversation went on. I listened not to the demolishing of worlds, but to the construction of a fair one—not a world of dreams, but a land M. Renan had visited on his journey to the Promised Land. Emanating from the judgments of M. Renan is the faith in evolution and of the world's perfection thereby. He laughingly alluded to the favorite theory that the dawn and decline of centuries mark distinctive eras in the history of nations. He thinks the division of centuries purely accidental—each might have begun in the year 50; that the influence of Voltaire and J. J.

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Rousseau was momentary—they are little responsible for the present current of ideas. Time composes its epochs. Evolution will bring a satisfactory régime in politics when the hand at the helm will be firm and the agents of administration conscientious, when literature will assume a more settled condition and return to its delicacy and refinement, etc.

"One cannot leave you, monsieur, without asking, independent of Eastern languages and obscure literatures, what alphabet brought you nearest the cradle of Christianity?"

"The Germans," he said, pointing to the well-filled book-shelves. "I follow closely the current of German thought. The union of so many learned individualities composes a sum of knowledge without a parallel. The English are masters of a literature that, in poetical philosophy, has reached incomparable heights, but they are not accustomed to critical science, and have not a sufficient historic lore to handle the great problems which are to bring our religion to its starting-point. Oxford and Cambridge turn out some distinguished students, but too many of them are intended to swell the numbers of an aristocratic society living on good terms with the Church; and the clergyman's knowledge of divinity is limited. What is most necessary for him in order to hold an honorable place by the 'squire is a sufficient fear of the devil. But for the last few years the most assiduous have made little progress, and the great problem slumbers."

"And after a life well filled, the consciousness of a duty well done, what is there behind?"

"Mystery, mystery. Speculations on the ultimate end of man are too *mesquins*. . . . For my own part, I believe that he who has sought the right and truth for their own sake will not have done so with loss. . . . There may be fine surprises on the other side. . . . It is better that we should know nothing. Those who do good with a future reward in view have no more merit than the one who invests in an enterprise that promises profitable returns. A good man is not one forewarned."

LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

Correspondence.

RISE AND FALL OF PRICES UNDER THE TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The assertion of Senator Edmunds, supported in *Harper's* by specifications that show the need of extraordinary mathematical dexterity in handling them in order to reach the results there enounced, is one repeated so often and so confidently in the polemic of protection, that it has seemed worth while to compound somewhat carefully the force of the tariff with the general natural movement of prices, in order to ascertain the general direction of the resultant, and to see whether the tariff really deflects that movement downward. Accordingly, I have been at pains to calculate from official data the rise and fall in foreign price of forty-seven principal classes of duty free, and ninety-six principal classes of dutiable articles during the last decade, from June 30, 1878, to June 30, 1887. As far as possible to eliminate transient irregularities, the average of the averages for the first five years has been compared in the case of each article with the average of the averages of the last five years—and with the following result:

Duty free—A total fall of 885 per cent. on 35 classes, an average fall of 25 per cent. (about); a total rise of 155 per cent. on 12 classes, an average rise of 13 per cent.; a net fall of 730 per cent. on 47 classes, an average net fall of 15.5 per cent.

Dutiable—A total fall of 1031 per cent. on 65 classes, an average fall of 16 per cent.; a total rise of 600 per cent. on 31 classes, an average rise of 19.3 per cent.; a net fall of 431 per cent. on 96 classes, an average net fall of 4.5 per cent.

Of duty-free articles the price has fallen thrice as often as it rose and twice as far; of dutiable articles the price has fallen a little more than twice as often as it rose, but only a little more than four-fifths as far. In both cases there has been on the general average a fall; but the rate of fall has been nearly three and a half times as great in case of duty-free as in case of dutiable articles. Since the line of price slopes downward three times as fast in case of duty-free articles, the force of the tariff must have been an upward thrust, and equal on the average to a rise of about 11 per cent. per lustrum, over 2 per cent. per year.

That such a result might have been expected is not, indeed, hard to show, but does not fall within the scope of this communication.

Yours, W. B. SMITH.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI,
COLUMBIA, MO., February 11, 1888.

MR. EDMUNDS AS A LOGICIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is not Senator Edmunds's article on the tariff in the February *Harper* somewhat contradictory? The different parts do not fit well together.

The argument seems to be that a high tariff protects American industries by keeping up prices, because, if we lower the tariff—prices will fall? Not a bit of it; but because they will be materially as high as ever! And then the Senator gives prices and makes statements to prove this assertion in the case of certain articles. This truly curious result he attributes to the tax being paid principally by the foreign producer and not by the domestic consumer, and concludes that most probably the United States customs duties on other commodities are derived from a similar source.

"But," says the Senator, "it by no means follows from these instances that a general reduction or abolition of duties upon articles competing with those produced in the United States would not be followed by a fall of prices." It seems more logical to say that if the price of a certain article is independent of the duty *because* the duty is paid by the producer, then the prices of other articles, the duties on which are paid by the producer, would also be independent of the duty.

H. F. REID.

CLEVELAND, O., February 16, 1888.

THE TARIFF AND THE AMERICAN COLONY IN EUROPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anybody with a little leisure to look about him in Europe is apt to be struck with the fact that there are permanently settled here too many Americans who are badly needed at home—men of leisure and capacity to help on education, the administration of charity, and the improvement of politics. In the older countries, a wealthy aristocracy supplies such men, and such functions are regarded as their natural duty, though, like any other duty, it is often neglected.

Now, is it simply run away from by the Americans alluded to, or are they forced away? Many of them are. Their absence is one of the results of our high tariff. It makes the cost of living in America twice as high as in many attractive places abroad, and many men of fixed incomes that would, under a reasonable system, give them leisure to attend to this important class of duties, are now forced either to sacrifice it at home or enjoy it abroad.

They are of the very class, however, which the man who depends on politics for a living most hates and dreads; so to the many blessings already attributed to the tariff must be added the "protection" of "the boys" against "the gentleman in politics."

Your obedient servant, H. H.

HANOVER, GERMANY, January 26, 1888.

OUR ODIOUS BOOK TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Desiring to obtain a particular book recently, I found it necessary to order it from a London agency. The book was not the latest three-volume novel nor one that Mr. Mudie purchases by the hundreds. In fact, the book was first published a century and a quarter before George the Third "refused his assent to laws the most wholesome for the public good." When the book arrived at the post-office of the town where I live, I was compelled to pay customs dues; and after they were paid, I computed the per cent. and found it to be somewhat more than 27 per cent. upon *first cost, commission, and postage.* These customs dues I found were for the protection of American authors. Failing to see wherein any American author or publisher could possibly be protected, I turned to Johnson's Dictionary to find a possible meaning of the word "protection" that would cover this case. In this I failed, but I found the following, which satisfies all the requirements of the case:

"EXCISE—*A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.*"

In conclusion, I will say that the book is not printed upon parchment. Y.

A PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One who remembers the pro-slavery newspaper literature of thirty years ago and reads the protectionist journals of to-day, will note a striking likeness—the same vocabulary, style, spirit, and method. Transpose the words "abolitionist" and "free-trader," and either would serve very well in the other's place.

Both deprecate and dread all questions of absolute right and wrong, and, instead, challenge attention to so-called facts relative to the condition of the laborer under their respective systems, compared to that of the "white slaves" or "pauper laborers" of Europe. The slavery advocate had one more string to his bow—an argument relative to Christianizing the heathen—and could quote from Scripture that the Lord gave Abraham "many servants and much cattle"; but whoever quoted "Thou shalt not steal," and made the application, condemning the appropriation of the products of another's labor, was called a "theorist," a "doctrinaire," precisely as in the protectionist literature of to-day.

The slave-owner took from the slave whatever his labor produced in excess of a bare subsistence. The protectionist compels the freedman to contribute a portion of his earnings to fill the purses of the Ohio wool-grower, the Syracuse salt-miner, and all the various manufacturers who have so hedged him in with tariffs, combinations, and trusts that he cannot

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run away from the involuntary servitude. The hoe in his hand, the steel rail on which his cotton starts for Liverpool, are these new task-masters' means of extortion. Lately they have granted him free-trade quinine, with a fall in price from $6 per ounce to $1—an inconsistency, unless with a view of keeping him longer in the world for more extended protection. His former master was liberal with medicine.

In some of its aspects, the philanthropy of the advocates of slavery was broader than that of the protectionists. They were willing to Christianize, in their way, all of Africa, while the protectionist abhors to help the pauper labor of Europe, so long as it remains in Europe, and is beginning to obstruct its coming here. Its coming "under contract" is prohibited. Political economy teaches that this apotheosis of national selfishness is not political wisdom even in a mere economic point of view. But there are some plain people who believe in economic science and also in a higher law; who hold that every man has a natural right to the free use of the products of his labor, either to consume or to exchange wherever he can get the most value, without hindrance from any, whether their claim be founded upon a slave deed or its in some measure equivalent—a "protective" law. Such persons are "doctrinaires," "abolitionists," "free-traders." A. J. COE.

MERIDEN, CONN., February 17, 1888.

THE LARD BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial note in the last issue of the *Nation* with regard to the Lard Bill now before Congress is a sound statement of the impolicy of the legislation desired. Bills of this character are unconstitutional and absurd. That Congress has no police power, except such as is necessary to enforce or facilitate the collection of revenue, has been repeatedly declared by the United States Supreme Court (New York vs. Miln, 11 Pet. 102; License Cases, 5 How. 504; Passenger Cases, 7 How. 284; License Tax Cases, 5 Wall. 462; Petroleum Case, 9 Wall. 41; Slaughter-House Case, 16 Wall. 36).

It is absurd to contend that such bills are not police regulations. Their purpose, history, provisions, and operation preclude the possibility of an honest doubt on the subject. They are designed to prevent fraud, not to collect revenue. The Oleomargarine Bill, although entitled, "An Act defining butter, and imposing, etc., a tax upon oleomargarine," was referred to the Agricultural Committee, whereas a revenue bill is referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. It provides that a stamp shall be affixed to all packages containing oleomargarine, which is not a revenue stamp, but a warning to the purchaser that the contents are oleomargarine. Its operation is to prevent deception.

All this is proper enough, if enacted by a State, whose duty it is to guard against fraud; but the general Government has nothing to do with police regulations of this character, and it is in the highest degree dangerous to the autonomy and responsibility of the States to suffer such legislation to pass uncriticised.

Yours truly, J. H. L.

ST. LOUIS, February 13, 1888.

BYRON EXPLAINED BY SCHILLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the noble bit of prose, "On the Use of the Chorus in Tragedy," prefaced to Schiller's "Braut von Messina," the author makes brief but pregnant reference to the deficiencies of a certain order of poets, which may well supplement your recent article on Byron, and may further aid your readers in accounting for his waning reputation. The author, after emphasizing the truth that ideality and reality are properly united in the great poet, who gives his readers no dreamy fancies, however novel or entertaining, but the actual wisdom of the world, separated from its oppressive commonplace, and after despatching with little ceremony "him whom nature has indeed endowed with true sensibility and depth of feeling, but to whom it has denied creative imagination," adds the following, which scarcely a decade later found striking exemplification in Byron:

"Wem hingegen zwar eine rege Phantasie, aber ohne Gemüth und Character, zu Theil geworden, der wird sich um keine Wahrheit bekümmern, sondern mit dem Weltstoff nur spielen, nur durch phantastische und bizarre Combinationen zu überraschen suchen; und wie sein ganzes Thun nur Schaum und Schein ist, so wird er zwar für den Augenblick unterhalten, aber im Gemüth Nichts erbauen und begründen."

Repeated perusal of these lines of Schiller only strengthens my admiration of the profound insight which is the essence of prophecy, and I find in them the most forcible explanation yet presented to me of Byron's transient popularity—his sensational appeals to the fancy, his disregard of all artistic and moral law, his contemptuous mockery of the wisest and most sacred wisdom of the past.—Very truly yours,

JOS. I. HELFMAN.

DETROIT, MICH., February 6, 1888.

Notes.

A PARALLEL series to the "American Commonwealths" is announced by D. Lothrop Co., Boston, under the editorial conduct of Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, who will himself contribute the 'Story of New York.' The other States as yet assigned seem to have fallen into apt hands—Massachusetts to the Rev. E. E. Hale, California to Noah Brooks, Missouri to Mrs. Frémont, Virginia to Marion Harland, etc. A picturesque and popular style is aimed at.

'Famous American Statesmen,' by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, and a 'Life of Lafayette,' for the young, by Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, are in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Thomas Whittaker has in preparation "The Contemporary Pulpit Library," a series of sermons by the foremost preachers of the time, Canon Liddon leading off.

Cassell & Co. announce 'John Bull, jr.,' by Max O'Rell, and 'A Pocket Dictionary of Etiquette.'

G. W. Dillingham will bring out an English version of Renan's 'Abbess of Jouarre,' and a dinner receipt-book called 'Savories à la Mode.'

Longmans, Green & Co. issue directly a 'Treatise on Astronomy,' by Richard A. Proctor. It will appear in twelve monthly parts, with cuts and plates.

An 'Introduction to Chemical Science,' by R. P. Williams, is announced by Ginn & Co.

The late Gen. Emory Upton left in manuscript a work on the 'Military Policy of the United States.' The fact that it was unfinished doubtless furnishes the pretext for a resolution introduced in Congress for its purchase by the Government, completion, and publication.

The second annual report of the Librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, shows that thus far only English books have been accessible to its patrons. Some 700 German works are about to be thrown open, after cataloguing, and as many French a little later.

Prof. F. W. Putnam tells, in his late report to the Trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge, of the acquisition of the great Serpent Mound, 1,400 feet long, in Adams County, Ohio, its clearing, sowing, and fencing, and otherwise being preserved while yet made attractive as a public resort.

In the annual report of Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Boston Institute of Technology, we read: "Our experience, at least, furnishes no support to the view that, in order to make a school popular, the requirements for admission or continuance must be placed low, or, if the theoretical standard be high, administrative concessions must be freely made to the spirit of indolence or frivolity, or to the demands of sport or of society." The elective system works well, "options which offer the largest capabilities" being generally chosen. Nearly sixty per cent. of the students come from Massachusetts, but the range is very great. The average entrance age is rising and is now eighteen and a half years. Twenty-five women attend the Institute, of whom four are college graduates.

What we recently had to say about intercollegiate athletic contests has brought us some private approbation from college officers, and we trust has evoked more than has been expressed. The general subject of athletics was being at the same time discussed in the *Cornell Era* by the officers of that institution, by request of the editors—all rendering to athletics their due, some inclining to "hysterical demonstrations" on their behalf, and others, more or less guardedly, deprecating the abuse of them. Prof. B. G. Wilder anticipated us in our line of argument, though stopping short of our conclusion. He found the defence of intercollegiate contests reducible to two allegations, viz., "(1) that certain students, 'gifted with an uncontrollable exuberance of energy,' are thereby 'kept out of mischief,' and (2) that the institution is 'advertised' by its victories and even by its honorable defeats." This reasoning he very properly regards as irrelevant. Nor does he seem to favor the plea for special consideration for athletes in examinations (Gen. Walker's "administrative concessions . . . to the demands of sport"), which we find in the *Cornell Sun* of January 9. The *Sun* is naïvely distressed by "the damper on athletics in the shape of dropping athletes." "How," it asks, "can an average student get along in this University if he devotes three or four hours a day in careful training?"

In default of any news in regard to Cornell's share in future college tournaments, we are glad to announce that the University has appointed, as her representatives at the approaching celebration of the University of Bologna, Prof. T. F. Crane of the Faculty, and Mr. Eugene Schuyler, formerly a lecturer before the University.

The double number of the *Library Journal* for September-October, 1887, contains in full the proceedings at the Thousand Islands Conference last summer. It furnishes most stimulating reading, and impresses one anew with a sense of the wide-awake, active spirit which animates the members of the American Library Association. Practical information drawn from experience abounds in the papers read and in the discussions they excited. The value of some of the hints is inestimable—to small libraries in particular. Several leading houses

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have provided for this issue lists of works by American authors published by them.

Shakespeariana for February opens with a satisfactory summary account of "Shakspere Music," mention being made especially of the operatic renderings of the several plays. A list of "societies known to be engaged in reading Shakspere" is given on p. 88. One of these meets "in a log cabin in the woods of southern Minnesota, on cold stormy nights in winter, after the ranch work is done." The list is universal as regards locality. It numbers upwards of 110. Philadelphia seems to be the chief seat of the cult—or it may have been more thoroughly reported.

Library Bulletin, No. 8, of the University of California (Supplement to the Report of the Secretary of the Board of Regents) lies before us, a pamphlet of 68 pages, with the title, 'References for Students of Miracles, Plays, and Mysteries,' by Francis H. Stoddard, A.M. The University is to be congratulated upon having so enterprising a laborer on its staff of instructors. The work is excellently done. The first section is taken up with titles of works upon this section of the drama; the second section with editions of plays not English (notably, of course, Latin Liturgical and French); the third section with the religious drama in England. At the end, a large folding sheet gives a conspectus of the contents of all extant English mystery plays. In twelve vertical columns the plays are arranged by sets or groups, from Towneley to Norwich; in forty-eight horizontal lines the contents, from Creation to Judgment. Every possessor of this pamphlet will deem himself lucky. It would be difficult to devise a more helpful guide to the practical study of a vast and intricate subject.

The Astor Library, during the year 1887, as we learn from the annual report of the Trustees, acquired 1,096 books by purchase and 1,379 by gift.

No. 27 of the Bibliographical Contributions of the Library of Harvard University consists of an ingenious reconstruction of a missing book of records, by means of an index and marginal references left by President Wadsworth, by Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis; and of catalogues of the books given to the Library by John Harvard, Peter Bulkley, Sir Kenelme Digby, and Gov. Bellingham. President Dunster, who wrote the Harvard catalogue, at first spelt the donor's name as Hervertus, changing it to Harvardus. The collection embraced almost no works except in Latin or English.

In the latest *Bollettino* of the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale of Florence, we find mention of the impending publication of C. C. Jewett's Rules for cataloguing ("questo classico Codice") in the *Biblioteca di Bibliografia e Paleografia*.

Students of the Italian invasion of eastern Africa will be profited by Pippo Vigoni's article on "Massaua e il Nord dell' Abissinia" in the fourth supplement to the Milan *Perseveranza* (*Rivista Scientifico-Letteraria*). It is accompanied by a much needed map. The *Illustrazione Italiana*, by the way, is now publishing numerous photographic engravings of views in the forsaken region about Massowah.

A welcome addition to South American cartography accompanies Dr. Wilhelm Sievers's report on the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta and the conjoined Sierra de Perijá in No. 133-134 of the Journal of the Berlin Geographical Society (D. Reimer). The mountainous region described lies in the extreme northern portion of Colombia, in the State of Magdalena, bordering on Venezuela. The map is on a scale of 1 : 500,000. The expedition was made at the charge of the Society in 1886. The Sierra Nevada is one of the oldest formations of the earth's surface; the Sierra de Perijá much more recent, and an evident member of the Andean system, being a continuation of the eastern cordillera of Colombia. The Sierra Nevada, on the other hand, Dr. Sievers is at present disposed to connect with a mountain chain protracted easterly through the Goajira peninsula and the adjacent islands of Aruba, Curaçao, and Bon-Air, and so on to the Lesser Antilles.

M. Henri Gaidoz, at the opening of the fourth volume of *Mélusine*, pays such a tribute to M. Eugène Rolland (who now withdraws from the collaboration of this folk-lore journal) as any scholar should be proud to receive. M. Rolland's worth, modesty, thoroughness, originality, and fecundity of production are set forth in the most becoming and genial manner conceivable.

The name of the new *Directeur* of the *Revue Bleue*, M. Alfred Rambaud, appears at the head of the number for February 4. A note from the Administrative Board informs its readers that M. Eugène Yung himself, just before his death, selected M. Rambaud for his successor, and that they only confirmed this choice at their meeting of January 25, when they elected him unanimously. M. Rambaud is the well-known writer and professor of modern and contemporary history in the Paris Faculty of Letters. When Jules Ferry became Minister of Public Instruction, he chose M. Rambaud for his *chef de cabinet*. The latter has written the most concise and satisfactory history of the French Revolution for popular use that exists, and a valuable 'Histoire de la Civilisation Française,' of which the second volume, from the Fronde to the Revolution, was published last year, and of which the third, 'Histoire de la Civilisation Contemporaine en France,' is announced for immediate publication. This is his most important work, but he has written much besides in various reviews and elsewhere, principally historical and critical articles, having some connection with France in the early part of the present century. Some of the most interesting of these relate to Russia, which he has visited, and of which he has written a short history, spoken of as excellent. He has even contributed to the *Revue Bleue* (under a pseudonym, as the note which announces his election informs its readers), some of the short stories which occasionally appear in its pages.

Two volumes of the 'Mémoires d'un Royaliste,' by the Comte de Falloux, have just been issued by Perrin (Boston: Schoenhof). It is from the portion of the Mémoires contained in these volumes that the *Correspondant* has been publishing very abundant and interesting fragments during the past year, of which the latest belong to the period of the *Coup d'État*. Faithful Royalist and Legitimist as the Comte de Falloux was, his political revelations have been by no means satisfactory in all cases to other faithful Royalists; but they throw much light upon the past and present dissensions in the party, and especially upon the conduct of its political and religious leaders during a most interesting and little understood period of French history.

We cannot recall a "first number" in any periodical venture which more nearly satisfies the ideal than does the *Technology Architectural Review*, nominally issued on November 15, 1887, by the architectural department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "It is essentially a folio of plates, and not of text matter," and reproduces the "mentioned" designs or *projets* made at the Institute, with occasional departure from this limit, as in the present number, where will be found a quarter-scale drawing, by Emmanuel Brune, of the highest technical excellence, after remains of classic architecture at Cori. The very creditable school designs relate to a casino and a fountain for a public park. The execution of these heliotype plates, as of the letter-press, is admirable.

—The fifth volume of Mr. John Bigelow's edition of Franklin's Works (G. P. Putnam's Sons) covers the most of four years, 1772-1775, during which time Franklin was in London as the agent of the colonies—of Massachusetts in particular. He became convinced in his own mind that revolution and separation were inevitable, but he spared no pains by direct representations to the Government and its supporters, and by satirical articles and pamphlets, to expose the situation so that the blame should fall where it belonged. It was during this period that the Boston tea party occurred, followed by the Port Bill. Franklin transmitted to the Bay authorities the Hutchinson letters which were placed in his hands. He landed in America just after the battle of Lexington and before Bunker's Hill. The volume concludes with a draught of Articles of Confederation from his hand. Of peculiar interest is the encounter with Lord Hillsborough over the question of encouraging the settlement of the Ohio valley—a matter which fills nearly one-seventh of the book. The British political economy of that day regarded any development of the interior of this continent as certain to diminish British trade, by raising up a population beyond the reach of commerce. Franklin's successful refutation of this nonsense is still profitable reading. The doctrine of the present day, that American prosperity will be undermined by free exchange with Great Britain, exhibits as wise a jealousy of the seaboard as Hillsborough's argument "to prevent manufactures" did of the interior. Among the scientific topics touched on in Franklin's letters are spots on the sun and the stilling of waves by oil—the last being discussed at some length with evidence from personal experiment and from hearsay. He tells of oil coming to the surface and burning on the surface of some New Jersey rivers, and this is worth remembering now that petroleum is alleged to have been found by boring in Ocean County. He objects to the prevalent hypotheses in regard to the causes of taking cold, at some length and with much sense. The letter of September 30, 1774, introduces to Richard Bache Mr. Thomas Paine, who is "very well recommended to me as an ingenious, worthy young man," who "goes to Pennsylvania with a view of settling there," and would like "employment as a clerk, or assistant tutor in a school, or assistant surveyor," being capable of all, as Franklin thinks. Here, also, is that famous letter (July 5, 1775) to Mr. Strahan, M.P., King's printer, London, ending: "You are now my enemy, and I am, Yours, B. Franklin." That proverbial expression of our civil war, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace," is anticipated by the Dean of Gloucester's appeal to the Government to "let the wayward sisters—the colonies—go" (p. 286).

—Mr. Leonard A. Jones has laid the public, and especially lawyers and legal students, under a debt of gratitude for his admirable 'Index to Legal Periodical Literature' (Boston: Charles C. Soule). It will be an invaluable help, unlocking as it does the treasures, heretofore so largely hidden, of all "the legal journals of America, England, Scotland, Ireland, and the English colonies," as well as

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"such articles in the principal literary reviews and magazines of these countries as seemed to belong properly to legal literature," and the proceedings of bar associations, social-science associations, and the Statistical Society. Of the author's really immense labor in preparing this book one gets a livelier idea when he reads that "all the reports of the American courts, some three thousand volumes, have been examined volume by volume, in order to make references to the proceedings in court and eulogies upon the occasion of the decease of eminent judges and lawyers." The book is a handsome quarto (pp. xix, 635), and is printed and bound in very attractive style. Some errors are probably inseparable from such a portentous undertaking as this; one such we notice in setting down "G. S. Hall" as a legal author, and attributing to him a learned, witty, and widely reprinted essay upon "Seals," written by Mr. G. S. Hale of Boston. But such a book as this should not be left with fault-finding as the last word; rather with the most hearty thanks to both author and publisher for so great a help to legal studies—thanks in behalf of all English-speaking lawyers for what will be no less useful in England and its dependencies than here.

—Teachers of Chaucer will gladly welcome Henry Sweet's 'Second Middle English Primer: Extracts from Chaucer, with Grammar and Glossary' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan). Within the limits of 120 pages the editor has given, we do not say all that one should know of Chaucer's language and versification, but all that one should attempt to teach to an ordinary class. Indeed, the passed Chaucerian will find himself enlightened by the little primer at more than one point. The grammar is meagre, but perhaps ample enough for its purpose. In parenthesis, will Sweet never give up his *Fall-Shake-Bind* conjugation? One might almost fancy that the editor of the Oldest English Texts had never heard of Paul, Braune, and Sievers. Chaucerian pronunciation has been treated at length and with exceeding care. The 'Complaint to Pity' and the first 117 lines of the 'Prologue' have even been transliterated into the editor's phonetic notation. We might take exception to certain views of pronunciation here laid down, but we cannot enter into matters of detail. In the selection of pieces, Sweet has been governed by the principle of avoiding conflict with Skeat's Chaucer volume in the series. That has not prevented him from giving 714 lines of the 'Prologue.' But who could undertake to teach Chaucer from any point of view without giving the 'Prologue'? We commend the primer most warmly.

—The interest in the 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,' which has never abated since the publication of the famous Bryennios MS. in 1883, will be still further enhanced by the facsimile edition, just published by the Johns Hopkins University under the editorship of Professor J. Rendel Harris, whose eminent fitness for the work has been shown by his various studies in the 'Didaché.' Of the admirable manner in which Professor Harris has discharged his editorial office some notice may be expected hereafter; but without any disparagement of the importance of the editor's work, the student's eye will first be attracted by the superb facsimile of the MS., and his first thought will be one of admiration of the Cambridge (Eng.) University Press—not unmixed, perhaps, with regret that the honor of this part also is not America's. But while the mechanical execution is indeed worthy of all praise, those who know the inside history of the quest of the Bryennios MS. will not stop here, for these ten plates represent protracted effort, patient waiting, and happy concurrence.

—The East does not yield its manuscript treasures so readily as once it did. The mere mention of the Codex Sinaiticus is enough to fire the heart of the Oriental monk; and when we reflect that the patriarchate which formerly held the Codex Alexandrinus was not rich enough to buy the facsimile when it appeared, and only received it as a present a few months ago, through the intervention of an American scholar and divine, we may begin to understand why the permission to photograph such a MS. as the 'Didaché' could not be procured without resort to diplomacy, and that, when procured, the permission was not immediately followed by performance. However, the Johns Hopkins University was fortunate in its ambassador, Dr. C. R. Hale, who brought to bear not only a fraternal interest in the Greek Church, but a contagious warmth of human sympathy which overcame any prejudices that may have lingered in the minds of the Archimandrite and Patriarch. First came the photographs of three pages of the MS., then a long pause. The MS. was transferred from Constantinople to Jerusalem, and with the transfer the whole matter seemed to have fallen into abeyance. The clerical intermediary was no longer on the ground, and there was no response to the tokens of respect and regard which the American university had sent to his Blessedness the Patriarch of Jerusalem. But the Patriarch of Jerusalem had not forgotten his promise to Dr. Hale; and what the American churchman had initiated was happily completed by the mediation of the secular arm, and the American consul, Mr. Gillman, had the pleasure of transmitting to the university at Baltimore the much coveted photographs, which are so admirably reproduced in this memorable volume. One of the most important lessons of this whole transaction—protracted as it was through more than three years—is the proof that under all the forms and phrase-makings of Oriental life there is to be found a genuine response to true kindness, just as in the wonderful flourishes of Oriental calligraphy we make out name after name to which the Western as well as the Eastern Christian owes reverence and love.

—While it is not held, even in divinity schools, that the moral teaching of clergymen is *invariably* sound, it is taken for granted, even by laymen, that moral questions appear to them through a clearer medium—that to them the ethical light is less refracted, so to speak, by "practical considerations," than it is to ordinary persons. The only (so far as we know) clerical opponents of international copyright are Dr. E. E. Hale, and the Rev. Olney I. Darling; the latter's views we find expressed in the *Universalist Quarterly* for January. Mr. Darling believes that the authority competent to decide on the value of an author's labor is not himself, but his readers—not the producer, but the consumer. Every writer, he says, has the benefit of a local monopoly, and this is not only all he ought to have, but it is sufficient (combined with other, non-pecuniary rewards) to produce all the literature that is needed. On the other hand, the thousand-to-one proportion of the public, who write no books, ought not to have their mental food artificially made dearer. The argument that protection against unremunerated, alias "pauper," labor is needed by native authors is the only one which Mr. Darling thinks it worth while to combat, and we may add that it is the only one which seems to obtain any attention from the politicians, who, though very unwillingly, admit that brain-workers cannot logically be excluded from the benefits of "the American system."

—We are surprised, however, that none of them have advocated the bounty plan, which would be much more democratic and "American" than international copyright, both because the foreigner would get no benefit from it, and because its rewards would be more generally distributed. An aristocratic form of the bounty system exists in Norway, where certain authors, in compensation for losses attributable to the want of international copyright, receive from the national treasury a fixed annual sum. This, of course, would never do here, because it sets up a foreign standard of merit, inasmuch as only those authors whose books have been reprinted abroad can claim such compensation. Now the American system cares nothing about such persons as are unpatriotic enough to have commercial dealings with Europe, but it may be supposed, figuratively speaking, to have at heart the interests of native authors, citizenship being taken as the sole test of merit. To one Holmes, or Parkman, or Howells, there would be hundreds of Texas historians, and Michigan poets, and *Ledger* novelists, if the Government would pay on each copy sold a bounty equal, let us say, to the proposed bounty on sugar. Besides, this plan would reduce the surplus without reducing the tariff, and would offer an encouragement to education, especially in those States where, owing to the lack of it, authors are scarce. Senators Blair and Platt and Sherman are, we believe, themselves authors, so we confidently commend our plan to their careful consideration.

—The opening article in the *Contemporary Review* for February is a singularly clear and convincing exposition of the relative conditions of "Islam and Christianity in India." It is unsigned, but the author is evidently a person who has a thorough knowledge of his subject, gained not from books, but from personal observation and study of the Indian character. Starting with the statement that every fifth Indian is a Mohammedan, he asserts that 90 per cent. of these fifty millions are Indians by blood and Mohammedans either by birth or by conviction. The apostles of Islam came preaching "the haughtiest, the most clear-cutting, and the least elevated form of monotheism ever taught in this world" to a people hopelessly bewildered amid a chaos of faiths. That the laxity of sexual ethics in the new faith was no source of attraction is shown by the multitude of Hindu women who accept of it, though each thereby "loses her hope of heaven and the security of her position on earth both together." Considering all the advantages which the Mussulman missionaries have, especially in being Asiatics, the slowness of their progress, barely fifty thousand converts in a year, is difficult to account for. The chief obstacles are the dogged resistance of the priesthood, and the saturation of the Hindu mind with Pantheism. While it is doubtful whether the Mohammedans are better men than the Hindus, still the writer believes that in time they will hold the reins, being "all potential soldiers, all capable of self-sacrifice for the faith," and all obedient to one central authority. How they have impressed themselves upon India as the ruling caste is shown by the fact that, in the Mutiny, "Brahmin Sepoys murdered Christian officers in the name of a Mohammedan Prince." Christianity, on the other hand, "though it has taken but a poor grip

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on Hindu India," has not failed. It simply has not made the progress which might have been expected from the amount of work done. It is a fallacy to think that it is detested as the faith of the conquerors. The real obstacles are that the Hindu can be intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity and remain unchanged; in other words, he becomes "a convert but not a Christian." The methods of the Christian missionary are imperfect and "slightly absurd"; he is setting before himself a false end, "the Europeanization of Asiatics." The result is that the "missionary becomes an excellent pastor or an efficient schoolmaster, instead of a proselytizer, and that his converts or their children, or the thousands of pagan lads he teaches, become in exact proportion to his success a hybrid caste, not quite European, not quite Indian, with the originality killed out of them, with self-reliance weakened, with all mental aspiration wrenched violently in a direction which is not their own." "Mohammedan proselytism succeeds in India," this writer concludes, "because it leaves its converts Asiatics still; Christian proselytism fails in India because it strives to make of its converts English middle-class men."

—A Western Shaksperian writes us:

"History repeats itself, otherwise the Shaksperian delineations would be for a day and not for all time. The feelers of a politician, and his involuntary indications of chagrin when he finds his feelers disappoint him, must have a family likeness in all ages. The manipulations of Cæsar when Mark Antony thrice did offer him a kingly crown, are told to the life by the great dramatist. But the Shaksperian picture is a presentment which befits Cæsar no better than Blaine, who, while lingering amid Cæsar's relics, seems to have been moved to mimic his manœuvres. 'Cæsar,' says Casca, 'put the offered crown by him with the *back* of his hand; he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; he put it by, but for all that he would fain have had it; he put it by, but to my thinking he was very loth to lay his fingers off it,' etc. May our plumed knight follow further his Roman original who, 'when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, and shouted at every putting-by, fell down, foamed at the mouth, and was speechless.'"

—The keen competition of the conversation dictionaries in Germany has developed a new feature, almost irresistible, in the case of the seventh edition of 'Pierer's Konversations-Lexikon' (Stuttgart: W. Spemann). Prof. Joseph Kürschner, to whose inventiveness we owe already, among other useful publications, the 'Deutscher Litteratur-Kalender,' has induced the publisher of Pierer to graft upon it twelve dictionaries in the following manner. Every German word not a proper name met with in the general alphabet in the two broad columns of each page has affixed to it equivalents in Latin, Greek, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, English, French, Hungarian, Italian, Russian, Spanish, and Swedish. But this is not all. A narrow column on the outer margin carries these same languages (save the Greek) in one alphabet, and interpreted back into German, so that the circle is complete. The convenience of this arrangement speaks for itself, and the economy of it, seeing that the language dictionaries are "thrown in," is equally obvious. We have here a hint for the next maker of a first-class English dictionary, whether cyclopædic or other. It need hardly be said that to accomplish so much in a dozen volumes involves a great deal of typographical compression, and the free use of small characters, so that the eye has to be cautious in reading. The print, nevertheless, is very clear, and the catchwords especially distinct. The engravings and maps and colored plates in the first number before us are of good quality, and we do not perceive any direction in which the execution has been slighted. We subscribe without hesitation to the profession stamped upon the cover—"Eines der originellsten Bücher der Welt!"

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

The Invasion of the Crimea; its origin, and an account of its progress down to the death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VII. From the morrow of Inkerman to the fall of Canrobert. Vol. VIII. From the opening of Pélissier's command to the death of Lord Raglan. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. (New York: Harper & Bros., in one volume, Vol. V.)

THESE two volumes complete the history of the Crimean war as far as Mr. Kinglake intends to write it. The work was undertaken in order to vindicate the memory of Lord Raglan, the British Commander-in-Chief, from the aspersions cast upon it, and Mr. Kinglake may therefore urge, with some show of reason, that the death of Lord Raglan is a proper point at which to arrest his labors. Actually, however, whatever was the prime intention, the vindication of Lord Raglan has, in the working out, become a very subordinate part of it. No one will ever consult these pages in order to find what manner of man Lord Raglan was, but because they contain a singularly thorough and painstaking account, written in the choicest English, of a very remarkable campaign. And having told so much of the story, Mr. Kinglake, it seems to us, was under a species of moral obligation to his readers to continue it to the end, for it is to the last degree improbable that any one else will have the audacity to attempt what he has left undone. But this, perhaps, is too bold an assertion. Mr. Martin Tupper did not scruple to try his hand at the finishing of Coleridge's "Christabel," and, with that fact before our eyes, it certainly is not prudent to assert that any enterprise is beyond the reach of human audacity. This, however, we may say, that Mr. Kinglake, having made it so exceedingly difficult for any one else to complete the history of the war, ought himself to have done so.

So much has happened since—so many greater wars have convulsed the face of the world—that an account of the siege of Sebastopol sounds, at first hearing, like an excursus into some region of ancient and half-forgotten times. For the historical student, however, there is this unique interest attaching to the war in the Crimea, that it marks the termination of that period of peace which set in with the final fall of Napoleon. Not that the intervening years had by any means been a period when "war nor battle's sound was heard the world around." But this war constituted the first struggle on anything approaching the colossal scale to which Europe had become accustomed in the days of the first Napoleon. In the history of Great Britain, the outbreak of this war marks the moment of a change in her foreign policy, the more important consequences of which are still below the horizon. Up to that time France had been the "natural enemy," and Russia the traditional ally, of our transatlantic kinsfolk. The Crimean war reversed the relative position of these two Powers, and since that day it has been impossible for the Russian Government to say or do anything—to send out a solitary geographer to explore some remote region of mountain or desert, or move half-a-dozen Cossack horsemen from one station to another—without being denounced by all reasonable Britons as menacing the peace and possessions of the British Empire. The incessant reiteration of these sinister predictions tends, as every one must see, to assure and hasten their fulfilment, and it is worthy of note how sedulously those Powers—Germany, Austria, and Italy—who hunger for the partition of the Ottoman Empire, seize upon every occasion to stimulate the wrath and the fears of the British people. If only Russia and Great Britain could be persuaded, on this pretence or that, to "lock horns" in a far distant Central Asian desert, the dividing out of the heritage of the Turk might be carried through with so much ease and celerity.

But to return to Mr. Kinglake's book. We do not think that he has been altogether successful in his attempt to vindicate the reputation of Lord Raglan. He has shown abundantly what, in truth, was never denied, that Lord Raglan was a chivalrous, courteous, accomplished, and experienced soldier. One who had fought by the side of Wellington from his first landing on the Portugal coast down to the crowning victory of the 18th of June, could hardly fail to be a skilful and experienced soldier; but lack of skill was never charged against Lord Raglan—lack of will, want of determination, was; and it seems to us that the facts, as stated by Mr. Kinglake himself, prove that the charge was true. Lord Raglan, it cannot be denied, was in a position of extraordinary difficulty. In the conduct of military operations on a large scale his experience was incomparably greater than that of either Canrobert or Pélissier; but the British army which he commanded was little more than a single division when contrasted with the masses of his French allies, and this disparity of numbers placed him, of necessity, in a position of less authority than the French Commander-in-Chief. Moreover, the British Ministry at home were for ever reminding him that the thing needful above all others was to work harmoniously with the French, and so preserve the *entente cordiale.* The difficulty, in fact, which he was called upon to overcome was of this kind. He was expected to command, and to seem to agree, at one and the same time. He was expected to save his colleagues from blundering, without doing injury to their sensitive self-esteem. He was to stand by his own convictions, and yet not to carry opposition so far as to diminish the cordiality of the Alliance. Perhaps the first Duke of Marlborough, who was as skilful in the management of men as in the conduct of armies, might have been sufficient for these jarring and contradictory duties. It is no great reproach to Lord Raglan to admit that he was not. Having to choose between the sacrifice of his military judgment and the possibility of a breach with the French General, he elected to sacrifice the former. Perhaps he was right, but the immediate result of this decision was the failure of the first assault upon Sebastopol, with a loss to the allies in killed and wounded of about seven thousand men.

Pélissier was at this time in command of the French Army, and it had been agreed between him and Lord Raglan that, after a preliminary bombardment of two hours, a general assault was to be made on the defences of Sebastopol by the allied armies. Had this agreement been adhered to, there is no question that Sebastopol would have fallen in the summer instead of the autumn of 1855. The defences had been assailed, for the space of eight days, with a tremendous and destructive fire from the allied batteries; and though the patient and indomitable fortitude of the Russian soldiers availed to repair in some measure during the night the damages which had been wrought in the day,

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the works were on the morning of the assault so shaken and weakened that a cannonade of two hours would have sufficed to silence their fire. A few hours before daylight on the night preceding, the French commander sent word to Lord Raglan that he had changed his mind, and resolved to assault the fortress at break of day without the preliminary bombardment. Lord Raglan acquiesced in this insane change of plan without an attempt to shake the resolution of Pélissier, and the consequence was, that, except at a single point, which led to no result, the attacking columns never got near the fortifications they wished to carry. The intervening distance was swept with such a murderous fire of round shot, grape, and rifle bullets from the Russian works that the heads of the assaulting columns were literally swept away as soon as they emerged from the shelter of their trenches.

It is impossible to acquit Lord Raglan of unpardonable weakness on this occasion. His fault becomes the greater because he clearly recognized the impossibility of the enterprise under the changed conditions to which Pélissier had suddenly committed himself. The capture of the great Redan was the operation which had been intrusted to the British troops, and to do this, under those changed conditions, they had to traverse four hundred yards of open country swept along its whole extent by the fire from the Russian batteries. The undertaking was, in consequence, hopeless from the outset. If a strong assaulting column were told off for the duty, nothing was gained but the presentation of a larger mark to the fire of the enemy; if a weak column, it could make no impression upon the defences, even assuming that any portion survived to reach them. Mr. Kinglake tells the story of this abortive assault with his wonted patient labor and minuteness, but he does not seem to appreciate how heavily Lord Raglan was to blame for consenting to a sacrifice of life so large, so utterly useless.

But what was the cause of Pélissier's sudden change of purpose? Mr. Kinglake attributes it to a temporary aberration of mind, brought on by the exasperating interference in the conduct of the campaign exercised by the Emperor from his cabinet in Paris. The narrative of the part played by the Emperor during this remarkable siege constitutes the most interesting portion of Mr. Kinglake's latest volumes, and is, moreover, quite new. Even in France, except to the few directly concerned, it was not known until the fall of the Empire placed the private and confidential documents of the Imperial Government at the disposal of the Republic.

Louis Napoleon, as is notorious, was always on the lookout for occasions of electrifying the French people by great theatrical achievements like the campaign of Marengo or the victory of Austerlitz. He thought that he perceived a brilliant opportunity for a *coup* of this kind when it became apparent that the allies were not in a position to carry Sebastopol with a rush. He drew up a plan of campaign in which he, at the head of a French army, was to operate in the country to the north of Sebastopol so as to compel the surrender of the place by the defeat and destruction of the Russian field army. The plan, as Mr. Kinglake very clearly shows, was based upon a number of gross misconceptions, and was altogether impracticable. So enamoured, however, was the Emperor of his own scheme that he issued secret but peremptory orders to General Canrobert that he was on no account to press the siege, lest success in that quarter should obviate the necessity for the Emperor taking the field in person to carry out his own pet design. The French General, at the same time, was ordered to keep the imperial purposes secret from Lord Raglan, with, as Mr. Kinglake points out, this singular consequence, that almost from the morning after Inkerman until the resignation of Canrobert, the siege of Sebastopol was little else than a sham siege. The French Army was an "army in waiting." It was not intended to accomplish anything. Canrobert was not of a character sufficiently strong to set at defiance the foolish injunctions of the Emperor. He was too good and loyal a soldier not to feel deeply the humiliation of his position in consequence of them. And, as his only way of escape, he resigned the command.

Pélissier, his successor, was a soldier of a different calibre. Mr. Kinglake is singularly successful in literary portraiture; but in all his gallery there is no picture more striking than that of the fiery, passionate, resolute Frenchman who replaced Canrobert. Regardless of the Emperor and his impracticable plans, he began at once to press the siege with vigor, to narrow the circle of defences held by the enemy, to prepare for an assault upon the town in real earnest. This change of tactics could not be entered upon without vehement opposition from the Tuileries in the interests of "the plan." This opposition took the form of telegraphic messages which rained in upon the much-tormented Pélissier in a continual shower, producing such an effect upon him that for the space of eight days, and in the supreme crisis of the siege, he was not, in the judgment of Mr. Kinglake, accountable for his actions. In consenting, therefore, to an assault under the conditions imposed, at the last moment, by Pélissier, Lord Raglan was, according to this reading of the situation, sacrificing his better judgment to the caprices of a madman.

COLUMBIANA.

Christophe Colomb et Savone: Études d'histoire critique et documentaire. Genoa. 1887.

Le Quatrième Centenaire de la Découverte du Nouveau Monde: Lettre addressée à son Excellence le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique du Royaume d'Italie par un citoyen américain. Genoa. 1887.

No one has done so much to elucidate the minor points of the career of Columbus as Mr. Henry Harrisse. The two large volumes of his 'Christophe Colomb,' published three years ago, were throughout minute in investigation and careful in construction; but Harrisse, like so many enthusiasts, having got a bent, is prone to turn everything to its support, and in this way he found everywhere the evidences of the fraud which he believed to be perpetrated in the Life of Columbus usually accredited to his son Ferdinand. This failing of Harrisse is so patent that it invites conflict, and it was to be expected that an old antagonist like Henry Stevens would not remain silent. Dr. Shea, too, entered the lists in an article on "This Century's Estimate of Columbus" in the number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for last July, in which he stands a champion for Ferdinand. Harrisse thinks himself conscientious, and he is an honest antagonist in so far as he does not garble or conceal. He professes that "le document est son seul guide," and he has been wonderfully successful in ferreting out such materials; but with all this he is too confident in his theories always to see evidence that tells against them.

His last criticism, however, is open to little of this objection. An old memoir about the history of Savona by Verzellino, who flourished in that Italian town at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was printed there for the first time three years ago, and imbedded in it there happened to be a document which served to reinforce effectually the arguments heretofore maintained, that the father of Christopher Columbus was a citizen of Genoa at the time of the discoverer's birth. This led Harrisse, in a paper which he published in the *Revue Historique* last autumn, to go over the whole question of the birthplace of Columbus, and this paper enlarged is now published as above. He very soon narrows down the question to Genoa and Savona, for the multitudes of towns on the Mediterranean shores claiming the honor of the nativity of Columbus is very large, and, as he tells us, the family name of Colombo is still a common one in the Italian maritime towns. It is this fact, and the eagerness to connect their history with that of the great discoverer, which has caused the Italian press almost to swarm within a few years past with local monographs in the interest of this or the other town or village. Any current Italian bibliography will show the excess of this zeal. They have added something to our general knowledge, and have been the incentive of some valuable studies. Konrad Hübler gave us, in Von Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*, the other day, a summary of the recent literature on the Columbus story; and another has lately begun to appear in the *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin*, No. 131.

Harrisse seems to think that this new document, in connection with Verzellino's memoir, with its notarial attestation that "Dominico de Collumbo" was of Genoa, settles the question, with the aid of the corroborative testimony which has been the ground of the arguments of those who contended for Genoa as the place of Columbus's birth—and it probably does.

In anticipation of the coming celebration in 1892, Mr. Harrisse has also printed the second pamphlet reported above. It is an appeal to commemorate the event by the publication of the works of Columbus, of which he says there are sixty-four separate titles known, and of these at least twenty-five are preserved in his own autograph—namely, nineteen in the collection of his descendant, the Duke of Veragua at Madrid; two in the Spanish archives; three in the palais Tursi at Genoa; one in the library of the Lieutenant-General, the Marquis de San Roman; and the rest in the library left by Ferdinand Columbus to the Cathedral at Seville, of which Harrisse has already given us so much information. Nearly all, he says, have been published and translated; but the texts need to be revised and annotated. He does not despair of finding yet other manuscripts of Columbus in Italy, at present unknown; and he further urges the collection and preservation in print of the numerous reports sent back to Italy by her representatives of various sorts, who, during the days of Columbus, were living in Spain, and making known by letters home the progress of maritime discoveries.

Harrisse contends, also, for a complete Columbus bibliography, and represents that there are at least six hundred titles to be gathered of books, tracts, or papers devoted exclusively to the study of Columbus and his career. He would further add a summary of the cartography, with facsimiles of all the cardinal charts illustrative of the train of discoveries which Columbus instituted, beginning with that of Juan de la Cosa in 1500, and ending with those of Schouten and Baffin in 1616, when the contour of the American Continent was first in the main determined. Those interested

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in the rather curious and now extended list of pictures supposed to be portraits of Columbus, will be struck by the judgment of Harrisse that not a single authentic likeness of Columbus can be supposed to exist. We are interested to observe that among the notes of this last tract Harrisse announces that he has in press in New York a brochure to be called 'A Spurious Autograph Letter of Christopher Columbus: Facts, Documents, and Facsimiles,' which we understand to be a letter addressed to Mr. Samuel L. M. Barlow of this city, whose attention had been called to a letter which was proved, under Harrisse's scrutiny, to be a forgery.

The Mammoth and the Flood. An Attempt to Confront the Theory of Uniformity with the Facts of Recent Geology. By Henry H. Howorth, M.P., etc., etc. London: Sampson Low & Co. 8vo, pp. 464 and xxxii. 1887.

In the first words of his preface Mr. Howorth states, "The title of this work reads like a challenge, and it is meant to be a challenge. For many years past, geological reasoning has been vitiated by being tied to metaphysical premises. It is time that some one trained in scientific methods, but untrammelled by having his will prejudiced, should speak out unflinchingly against the condition of things which has been most mischievous, and has very greatly impeded the development of a most important science." The rest of his preface, and indeed the whole of his work, is an elaboration of the thesis that the scientific world is out of joint, at least so far as geology is concerned, and that it is his peculiar mission to set it right. The principal wrong which he finds in geology is, that it assumes as a general principle, that the processes which have gone on in the earth since the introduction of organic life, have been of the same general nature as those which are now operating upon it. It cost the men who have made the science of the earth what it is, centuries of devoted labor to get clear of the early notion, which was to the effect that the earth's past had been a period of numerous cataclysms, widespread accidents of a physical sort, differing totally in their nature from anything which passes before our eyes in the present geological day. Our author bids us abandon this result of long labor and follow his lead in returning to the ancient doctrine.

Mr. Howorth finds his principal thesis in the circumstances attending the disappearance of the hairy mammoth from the northern hemisphere, holding that this disappearance, together with the preservation of very numerous bodies of this creature, as well as of the contemporaneous woolly rhinoceros, can only be explained on the hypothesis that the destruction was due to a sudden catastrophe, which he thinks involved a widespread flood of water. In selecting this interesting series of facts for the principal basis of his conclusion, our author shows a clever sense as to the most pregnable point in the doctrine of uniformity. In the very extended search which he has made into general literature, as well as that of a strictly geological sort, he exhibits, what few speculators of his class do, a painstaking in research which is altogether admirable. He has not always known where to look, and he betrays a novice's lack of critical ability in perceiving the difference in the measure of authority to be attached to the diverse statements he has encountered; nevertheless, the book will long remain valuable to the geologist for the very numerous and interesting records and traditions gathered from various works which are not likely to meet the eyes of scientific men.

As nearly as it is possible to determine from the text of our author, his idea is, that the mammoths of Siberia and Europe lived in those countries at a time when the climate was decidedly warmer than at present, and when the forest trees ranged up to the border of the Arctic Ocean. Suddenly there came a great flood which destroyed these creatures, and was followed by a period of intense cold, during which the mud produced during the deluge, together with the remains of the beasts, was converted into ice. In favor of this view he notes the vast numbers of the remains, and the presumption that they must have been frozen as soon as they were overwhelmed by the deluge. If the author had approached his subject in a critical way, to found a valid hypothesis rather than to support a conjecture, he would have perceived that the very facts which he adduces in proof of his notion militate strongly against it. He should have seen, in the first place, that these mammoths, as well as their companions the woolly rhinoceroses, were evidently the tenants of a cold climate, for the reason that they had a more ample covering of hair than any other creatures known to naturalists. They were even better protected against cold than the polar bear himself. There is thus no reason to suppose that any great modification of temperature is indicated by the existence of these creatures in the high north. Probably the northern limit of trees has been forced somewhat south of that which it occupied while these animals dwelt in Siberia; but this modification was not necessarily one that brought about any very sudden or great change in temperature. An alteration of 5° in the mean annual temperature would produce a great change in the northern limit of all our forests.

Mr. Howorth next urges that the vast numbers of these fossil creatures is evidence of their sudden destruction by a flood. This argument proves too much. The Siberian soil doubtless contains the frost-embalmed bodies of hundreds of thousands if not millions of the mammoth; but that all these creatures lived at once in the ancient forests of Siberia transcends belief. The evidence goes to show that in that Arctic land are the remains of more elephants in a wonderful state of preservation than have existed at any one time on the continent of Asia, and that the process of accumulation was slow and long-continued.

Again, the author urges that the curious accumulation of mammalian bones which we find at many points in Europe and North America—heaps in which occur the remains of a dozen or more species and perhaps a hundred individuals—can only be explained by supposing that the creatures took refuge from the invading waters on some height of land where they were finally overwhelmed. A little practical knowledge of these deposits would have shown him the untenable nature of this argument. In the first place, these "caches" of mammalian bones, as he terms them, are not found on hilltops, but in valleys; and those who have attentively studied them find a very simple explanation of their occurrence. The creatures were doubtless mired in bogs to which they resorted for water in times of drought, or to which they were tempted by the luxuriant vegetation developed in such places. In certain cases, as at Big Bone Lick in Kentucky, where salt springs escape from the earth and form small marshes, the saline waters were a bait which led them to destruction. In time the cutting down of the streams which drain the bog, combined perhaps with a desiccation of climate, converts the morass into dry land. In the case of the Siberian mammoths, we have the simple explanation, long since adduced, that the great rivers of that area have their headwaters in the south and the lower portions of their streams in high latitudes; that they lie in a position which causes their headwaters to break up before their lower channels have escaped from the frozen state. The result is that their floods are very severe, and are likely to sweep away into the frozen north the bodies of many animals which make their winter habitations along the banks. In the time of the mammoth the Arctic Ocean doubtless covered a good deal of Siberia, forming a vast extent of shallow waters. The interglacial and postglacial time was probably a period of more rainfall than at present, and the rivers more efficient in this destructive work than they are at present. Discharged into the cold waters of the Arctic sea, these flood-swept bodies would decay but slowly, and thus would have the chance to be locked in the frost before the flesh had been removed from the bones.

The next point taken up by Mr. Howorth is the evidence afforded by the caverns of Europe which contain large quantities of mammalian remains. He endeavors to show that these remains were conveyed into the caverns by a great flood, and were buried immediately beneath the mud produced by the widespread cataclysm. Here, again, the lack of personal field knowledge, which so often invalidates the work of geological speculators, hampers his acute reasoning. There is no question that many of these caverns afford evidence of floods, but we are without proof that the floods occurring in separate caverns were synchronous. The present writer has investigated, in a more or less careful way, some hundreds of caverns in this country and in Europe, and has often found evidence of similar floods in the facts which they afford. A little study of caverns will show any discreet observer that all the lower chambers of our caves are liable to sudden access of water, owing to the various accidents which from time to time block the ways of the subterranean streams. At such times a vast deal of clayey matter previously imported into the cavern is shaken about and lodged in new positions.

The difficulty arising from the lack of an extended field of knowledge exhibited in these cases renders this very extended, and in many respects admirable, piece of work quite unavailing for the end it has in view. There can be no doubt that the hypothesis of uniformity of geological action has been carried rather too far, but to endeavor to substitute such clumsy hypotheses as that of continental floods is to run against a body of evidence of an overwhelming nature which contra-indicates such catastrophes, since the close of the glacial period or at any other time in the earth's history. The attitude of our drift, especially the delicate forms of the kames, affords overwhelming proof that no such flood has taken place in northern Europe or America since the last ice time. A proper revision of the hypothesis of uniformity is one of the largest and most important pieces of work now awaiting the devotion of such a life as that which Sir Charles Lyell gave to the establishment of the doctrine. To this task the student must bring a critical ability and an unwearable patience such as were the peculiar possession of that great master.

Mr. Howorth's book is written in a vivid and charming style. It displays an admirable devotion of a literary sort to his task, and will doubtless attract much popular interest to the great question in which it deals. The book is well printed, but it has no index, the most unpardonable fault in bookmaking.

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Essays on Some of the Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith. By Richard Holt Hutton. Macmillan & Co. 1887.

THERE is nothing in this volume which appeared in the first edition of Mr. Hutton's literary essays except a considerable portion of the fourth article, "George Eliot as an Author." That portion will be found intact in the volume of 'Essays in Literary Criticism' published here in America in 1876 by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia. The essay in the present volume differs from that only in the addition of matter relating to "Middlemarch," which had not appeared when the essay was first published. In the Porter & Coates volume there was an essay on Matthew Arnold, but it dealt exclusively with his poetry, whereas the essay in the present volume deals more largely with his prose than with his poetry. The earlier essay is by no means superseded by the later. The two are necessary for a complete understanding of Mr. Hutton's view of Arnold, a view which all those who care for Arnold would do well to reckon with. Those whose liking for him is extravagant might find here something of correction; those who are indifferent to him might be led to question whether they are wise in being so. The essays are especially deserving of attention from those who imagine that Mr. Arnold's strength is in his prose rather than in his poetry, and that his prospect of survival inheres more in the former than the latter. Our own persuasion has long been quite the reverse, and Mr. Hutton's essays are confirmatory of this feeling. That part of the present essay which deals with Mr. Arnold's poetry is more penetrating and suggestive than the former essay. What is most individual in Mr. Hutton's essay is his dissidence from the average opinion that Arnold is a pessimistic poet. Accounting him the best of all our elegiac poets, he finds in his elegies a note of buoyancy, and this same note he discovers generally in his most melancholy poems. Though the poet and the thinker in Arnold are absolutely one in their conscious thinking, the poet in him helps him to rebel against the thinker, and to encourage us to believe that the "stream of tendency" which bears him up so bravely is not blind nor dumb. Whatever one may think of Mr. Arnold's theological opinions, if they are theological, those who are most inclined to "see things as they are" will be most pleased with Mr. Hutton's characterization of Mr. Arnold's endeavor to eviscerate the Bible and to fill the void that he has made with his own "gospel according to Matthew."

As between Mr. Arnold and Cardinal Newman, Mr. Hutton's sympathies and admirations are distinctly with and for the latter. He furnishes another example of Dr. Newman's power to impress himself favorably upon men of the most various theological opinions; and this, not merely by his style, the force and charm of which are universally admitted, but by the quality of his mind and by the intensity of his moral sentiments. He runs a very interesting parallel between the styles of the two men, and while his admiration for Mr. Arnold's style is very great, it is evident that Dr. Newman holds him by a stronger spell. The least satisfactory part of Mr. Hutton's essay on Dr. Newman is his criticism of his ecclesiastical position. For while allowing that there cannot be a church, or any witness of God, "without submission to some visible vicegerent of God," he cannot see why this vicegerent should be infallible. But he shows plainly enough, although unconsciously, why it should be, as he proceeds. The scope which he allows to reason is wholly inconsistent with anything like "submission" to a visible representative of God.

The essay on Carlyle makes clear how much more effective for the expression of his thought the developed style of the man was than his earlier—that of 'John Sterling,' for example, in comparison with the 'Life of Schiller.' There is a good analysis of Carlyle's influence upon English politics. In three out of five political crises Mr. Hutton judges that the influence of Carlyle was distinctly bad—namely, our own civil war, Gov. Eyre's suppression of "revolt" in Jamaica, and the attack of Prussia and Austria upon Denmark. The others were the Franco-Prussian war and the Communistic outbreak in Paris. The German sympathies of Carlyle were, to Mr. Hutton's thinking, helpful in the former case, though with some unfairness; and his sympathy with order helped to clearness in men's view of the Commune. Right or wrong, wise or unwise, one can hardly imagine a situation more to Carlyle's mind than the final suppression of the Communists by the Thiers Government. But the best influence of Carlyle on English politics has been less direct, his critic thinks, than in these instances. It has been through his arraignment of an idle aristocracy. His 'French Revolution' is set down as the book by which he will be chiefly remembered—"the most unique book of the century." A telling note is made of Carlyle's contempt of everybody not of his own clan. We read in Emerson's biography that "poor fellow" was his epithet for even the best of his contemporaries and friends.

Mr. Hutton is nowhere more delightful than in his essay upon "George Eliot as Author." To read this essay is to renew much of the pleasure that we had in reading the novels of George Eliot, and to attain to many points of view which, going by ourselves, we missed. Mr. Hutton's admiration for George Eliot is extremely cordial, and his feeling for the nicest shadings of her work is very keen. The bias of his theology does not prevent his being generally just. If there is an exception, it is in the extravagance of praise bestowed on Dinah Morris. We are obliged to wonder whether Mr. Hutton does not complicate his satisfaction with her evangelical piety with his delight in her as a dramatic creation. He cannot allow that George Eliot was a poet, and he has a very keen analysis of her 'Legend of Jubal' adverse to its idea of the sanctifying and ennobling influence of death apart from immortality. The intellectual background of the 'Spanish Gipsy' seems to him truly great, and the "rich color and almost Miltonic stateliness" of some of the passages that are quoted go far to convince the reader that if she was not a poet, then the genus poet has not many species or varieties. On page 236 there is a metaphor which is a surprise from one whose father was a clergyman and who was instructed for the Unitarian ministry at the feet of Martineau. He speaks of an "invisible rock higher than themselves to which [certain people] can entreat *to be lifted up.*" It is strange that he should have drawn his figure from a sensational picture, and not from the real meaning of the corresponding passage in the Psalms, where the rock is a stronghold, not a crag of the deep sea.

Besides the article on George Eliot as an author, there is one upon her 'Life and Letters.' The man who has once been a Liberal and has fallen back into the camp of the Conservatives is apt to be severe when judging those from whom he has come out. There is something very much like *odium theologicum* in the manner in which Mr. Hutton girds himself for this part of his work. It would be very hard to reconcile his praise of George Eliot's ability to enter sympathetically into the life of a Dinah Morris or a Savonarola with his insistence on the scornful levity of her dissent from the prevailing creed. His crediting of her conversion to Mr. Hennell's 'Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity' is without warrant, as was shown in a letter in the *Nation*, No. 1153; and his entire argument, at this stage, is invalidated by the fact that the letter which he quotes (page 270) was written six years subsequently to the abandonment of her evangelical opinions. It is by no means likely that the mood of this letter was the mood of her conversion. In the meantime she had translated Strauss, and her taste for the felicities of criticism had been sharpened not a little. Mr. Hutton remarks the suddenness of her conversion, and at the same time expresses his astonishment that her early views were to her as a burden lifted, not as a support taken away. But does not this fact show plainly enough that there was a good deal of preparation for her conversion, more or less conscious, in her previous state of mind?

Mr. Hutton looks upon the most of her novels as "written in great measure to impress on others the depth and significance of a tie the sacredness of which her own example did much to undermine." They were a kind of expiation. In support of this view he has much to say that is, if not convincing, well worth considering. His disappointment is natural in finding so little of the vivacity and humor of her novels in her letters. It is much greater in finding that "her heart never seems to have rebelled against her own dim creed." But, then, it is very certain that she would not have accepted Mr. Hutton's statement of her creed as true to her own thought and feeling. He makes no sufficient allowance for her conviction that the laws of justice, mercy, truth, and love are in the grain of things. There is no justification for his saying that she was her own god. Surely she stood abashed and humble in the presence of a moral order which was to her of infinite depth and mystery and sacredness.

The essay upon Frederick Denison Maurice, while it is the most sympathetic in the book, exhibits frankly some of the limitations of that mystical theologian's mind. It would appear that, with the best intentions, he had great difficulty in making himself clearly understood. A character so vague and so illusive is an admirable subject for criticism of such a refined and subtile quality as Mr. Hutton's is throughout his interesting and suggestive book.

Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

THIS is not so much a biography as what is known in fiction as a character-sketch. Fleeming Jenkin came of a line of rather strange people on both sides. His near ancestors and their relatives all had a story in their lives, and of these Mr. Stevenson naturally makes the most possible as a setting for the hero's birth and boyhood. Jenkin himself, at fifteen, was a spectator of the French Revolution of 1848, and wrote some letters at the time to one of his mates, which are full of the spirit of the thing. He was in Genoa in the troublous time of Novara, also, and all this tells very much under the skilful hands of his biographer. As soon as his real life began, which was that of a practical workman in applying science, particularly to marine telegraphy, the point of interest is his own energetic and self-assertive individuality, which made his mind and career both

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very full. He married young, and his relations to his wife and children make the thread of the narrative, broken only by some extracts from his letters describing cable-laying in the Mediterranean, and later by his employments and amusements in Edinburgh, after he became professor there. He must have been a trying companion, because of his combativeness in talk, and lack of grace or tact, or whatever one chooses to call it, which rendered it necessary to become acquainted with his substantial worth before one could really take pleasure in him. The range of his curiosity was very great, and he had a mind active enough to bring original force to bear upon the whole of the varied matter; yet one finds here very few striking remarks or observations of any kind from his own lips. There is nothing better than his reply to Mr. Stevenson, which the latter tells against himself: "I remember taking his advice upon some point of conduct. 'Now,' he said, 'how do you suppose Christ would have advised you?' and when I had answered that he would not have counselled me anything unkind or cowardly, 'No,' he said, with one of his shrewd strokes at the weakness of his hearer, 'nor anything amusing!'"

He was much valued by his friends, and rightly. He did some excellent scientific work which will be more fitly noticed in connection with his collected papers. He was altogether an interesting character. But, for all that, he is fortunate in his biographer, and the pleasure this volume gives is very largely due to the way in which Mr. Stevenson handles his materials. On finishing the book, it is surprising how very little remains of the two hundred and fifty pages; and then one realizes that he has been reading of a number of other things besides the life of Fleeming Jenkin. Of these other things, a few incidents are charmingly related; but in the main, the power of the style lies in its happy characterization of the many persons, comparatively speaking, who enter on the scene. Alfred Austin, for example, is excellently sketched. But the most winning figure to us is that of the gentle old Captain, Fleeming's father, and the account of his death scene is something one does not find every day. "It was the proper thing for a dying man of Captain Jenkin's school of manners to make some expression of his spiritual state; nor did he neglect the observance. With his usual abruptness, 'Fleeming,' said he, 'I suppose you and I feel about all this as two Christian gentlemen should.'" Just before dying, he heard that the men of Sussex had been the first to relieve Khartum and General Gordon. "He sat up in bed and gave three cheers for the Sussex regiment." So he died at the age of eighty-four. These minor characters, which help the narrative so much, reproduce the surroundings of Jenkin's life with great vividness, and give it the right relief. Jenkin himself, who had come to be a believer in the religious view of our life in a simple fashion, by the course of his own days, died at the early age of fifty-three; and in the case of a man of such superabundant energy this circumstance makes the end seem more than usually a break and a waste. What could be done to exhibit his character in the respect in which it was held, and yet honestly, Mr. Stevenson has accomplished with gratifying success.

Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament. By Justin McCarthy, M.P., with Preface by John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

THIS is a succinct and readable apologia for the Irish movement, by one who gave up much to join it, and who has partaken of all its vicissitudes. "The progress of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the English House of Commons," says the preface, "is a study for all minorities. It is a story of profound interest. . . . It promises to be the first radical national reform by legislation, without revolution, of European history." True; but the study cannot be considered complete until the aims of the party are accomplished and we see to what extent their methods affect their handiwork. Nor is it likely that all, even many who believe in the necessity and righteousness of the uprising, on the whole, take Mr. McCarthy's somewhat glorified view of its history so far. There has inevitably been much of the earth earthy about it. Movement and leader have answered to the necessities of public feeling in Ireland; and Irish public feeling has been a well-spring of bitterness and heart-burning. The loftiest sentiment, the purest devotion, have doubtless been to a considerable extent the incentives to action—the details of working have not always been as immaculate as our author would desire us to infer them to have been.

Athletics and Football. By Montague Shearman, with a contribution on Paper Chasing by W. Rye, and an introduction by Sir Richard Webster, Q. C., M. P. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THIS is the latest issue of the "Badminton Library," which is meant, as the preface states, to "form an encyclopædia to which the inexperienced man who seeks guidance in the various British sports and pastimes can turn for information." Like its predecessors, the volume contains the fulsome dedication to that "eminent sportsman H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," by the Duke of Beaufort, under whose auspices the "library" is being published, and it is in truth a compendium of most branches of athletics well and intelligently written—perhaps, indeed, from the standpoint of an enthusiast rather than that of a dispassionate student of the subject, but still with a thorough knowledge, and an interest which the reader cannot fail to share.

The first chapter, on "The History of Athletic Sports in England," traces the development of the taste for these kinds of amusement, in which the Anglo-Saxon race has always stood preëminent, from the days of Chaucer to the present time, and describes many curious means of recreation practised by the early English. As men have grown in civilization and culture, most of the roughest of the mediæval games have had applied to them certain degrees of polishing and refinement. "Bear Baiting," "Cock Throwing," and the more manly diversions of sword and cudgel-playing, are nearly extinct; the pugilist pleases the public taste by refraining from the actual encounters which, less than fifty years since, were openly conducted, and wages most of his contests in accordance with rules invented by a prominent member of the British aristocracy, and which alone have preserved his virtues from oblivion. To all sports there has been a gradual addition of the scientific element, and a tacit admission in so doing that in every one of them mind bears quite as important a place as simple physical force. The trained walker or runner of the present day is vastly superior to his predecessor of a century since, and every branch of athletics can show better performers than before intelligent experience had revealed what brains can do in directing muscle. The civilized athlete is superior to the savage one. He can walk further, run faster, hit harder, row better, and last longer at any form of exertion practised by both.

Following the chapter on the history of athletic sports are seven others, on various sports and games, the most important of which is that on "Training." This is useful reading to any man, and a capital chapter, full of good hygienic doctrine worth to anybody a dozen medical prescriptions. Chapter viii, "Athletic Government," is mainly a history of the various athletic clubs of the United Kingdom, but towards the end of it Mr. Shearman gives a few pages to the advantages of the present devotion to athletic sports, which he thinks on the whole have benefited the English character and made it stronger, manlier, and cleaner. He probably weakens his case somewhat by the statement that in any "school, college, or large body of men it will be found that the dozen best cricketers, footballers, or oarsmen will provide more clever scholars than any average dozen of the others." Certainly, in our American colleges, celebrity in athletic directions has not generally gone hand in hand with fine scholarship, though not inconsistent with it. Nobody can object to, and few fail to commend, the closing paragraph of this chapter:

"When going into training means nothing more than living a healthy regular life, and the daily exercise is taken to increase the strength and skill, and not to see how much the human body can do without failing, then no one, except from his own fault, can suffer any harm from athletic sports."

The next third of the book treats of football, tracing its origin and history from the mists of antiquity. The game has been, in various forms, played in England for six centuries, and is the most essentially popular sport of the country. In the days of Edward II., that monarch issued a proclamation forbidding the game as leading to a breach of the peace. Richard II., Henry IV., James III., and other kings, including Henry VIII., in turn enacted statutes against the game, which, as Mr. Shearman says, "has from the earliest days been an obstreperous member of the family of British sports, and, indeed, almost an habitual criminal." The statutory repression of the game did not, however, avail in the face of its popularity, and our ancestors went on maiming and killing each other in its pursuit, with rare interference by the sympathizing enforcers of the laws. One Carew, who wrote in 1602, says:

"I cannot well resolve whether I should the more commend this game for its manhood and exercise, or condemn it for the boisterousness and harm which it begetteth; for as on the one side it makes their bodies strong, hard, and nimble, and puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face, so on the other part it is accompanied by many dangers, some of which do even fall to the players' share, for the proof whereof, when the hurling is ended, you shall see them returning home as from a pitched battle, with bloody pates, bones broken, and out of joint, and such bruises as serve to shorten their days, yet all is good play, and never attorney or coroner troubled for the matter."

It is very hard to believe that Mr. Carew had never seen our intercollegiate football games, which of late seem only to have differed from those he describes in not being "good play," *i. e.*, without resulting hard feeling. Perhaps it is the reversion in our civilized youth to the practices of early barbarians which is building up the deplorably hostile feeling that exists between two of our prominent colleges since their annual maulings over a football have begun. The third college member of the trinity, if it may be so called, owes to its present inferiority in this and other athletic sports the fact of its not being publicly detested, though perhaps privately derided, by the other two. For it is

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an every-day observation that any young man attending one of the rival colleges is held by those who perhaps were the friends and schoolmates of his youth, but who now live at the other institution, to be unworthy of respect and lacking in all manly qualities.

A chapter on "Paper Chasing and Cross-Country Running" finishes the book, which is well illustrated with instantaneous photographs and woodcuts. Exceptions may be taken to a few of Mr. Shearman's statements. For instance, page 73, he says, speaking of a "sprinter": "Whether his legs be short or long, he has large muscular thighs and a broad back." The best of the American college sprinters are notably of slender build, and Myers himself especially so. Mr. Shearman speaks of him as being "little more than a long pair of wiry legs, with a very small and light body on top of them." Again, his description of the "Tug of War" in this country is so far from true as to be ridiculous to any one familiar with it, the game here being quite as scientific and orderly as the English one.

A Girdle Round the Earth. By D. N. Richardson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In its literary style and freshness of view, this volume is distinctively above the average of the annual crop of books published by tourists round the world. The "girdle," in its formidable length, does not suggest Puck's, which could be put round the planet in forty minutes. The author requires four hundred and forty-nine pages of long primer for the weaving of his story. In sprightliness and flippancy, however, and in general airiness in regard to facts possibly thought unimportant, he suggests the merry fairy whose words he uses for a title. He has arranged his letters and jottings in excellent form, with a good analytical table of contents, and dedicates them, as a book, to the wife and children to whom, presumably, they were first written, though some of them have seen print before. Four hundred days were spent on the route of forty thousand miles. The time occupied was from August, 1885, so that these lively epistles, dialogues, and note-book impressions seem as fresh, as damp, and as limp as the morning newspaper laid at one's breakfast plate. There is scarcely a dull page in the book, and the Western American's love of rapid transit in literature, as in all else, is here both illustrated in the author and furnished for the reader. The narrative moves forward in the briskest style imaginable. It reminds us of heat as a mode of motion. Everything is comprehensive, far-ranging, full of generalizing. Without room for dull accuracy in details, the mass vibrates in a whirl of sprightliness and vigor.

After two chapters on the start and the Pacific voyage, five others are given to Japan, four to China, five to the countries of Peninsular Asia, two to Bible lands, three to the countries of the Turkish Empire, three to Italy, five to other parts of Europe, and one to general reflections. The author would have done himself more justice, and spared annoyances to his readers, had he spent a few hours in a library on his return home, and corrected some of his inaccuracies and many of his curious and superficial but mistaken notions. On page 60, he would have us believe that "the nervy, rice-fed heathen" Japanese "coolies" at Yokohama (though, properly speaking, there being no caste in Japan, there are no coolies, but free laborers) beat an equal number of "vigorous Highland soldier athletes," because of their diet, instead of because of their life-long dexterity with the push cart, which is a specially balanced machine, requiring skill even more than strength, whether gained by meat or rice. The talk on page 83, that the Chinese "printed with type two thousand years ago," is rubbish, and the author's general ideas about Chinese chronology (p. 116, p. 122) are hazy and according to unrevised cyclopædias. Many of his statements of things in the Holy Land will not stand the test either of history or of the surveyors of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Many passages such as those relating to Jerusalem (p. 241–242), the Jordan (p. 257), are graphic and brilliant, but usually marred by some infelicitous remark which may please the zealots who idolize or ridicule the Bible, but will disgust those who do neither. Indeed, the chief fault of the author is his tendency to lofty and sweeping generalizations, which betray a lack of modesty such as culture alone can instil in a traveller. One is nauseated with the constant repetition in every chapter of the author's religious views, and his thrusting of theology into nearly every description given and opinion expressed. One might almost call his work 'The Sentimental Journey of a Theologian.' A little more reading and genuine culture must certainly improve an author who wields a trenchant pen with an ability not always well directed.

A History and Genealogy of the Conant Family in England and America, thirteen generations, 1520–1887. Containing also some genealogical notes on the Connet, Connett, and Connit families. By Frederick Odell Conant, M.A., of Portland, Maine. Privately printed. Portland. 1887. 8vo, pp. 641.

This genealogy is a welcome addition to the long list of family histories, since it recalls the work of one of the founders of Massachusetts, and informs us that his posterity is numerous and reputable. Roger Conant, the first Governor *in*, if not *of*, Massachusetts, was, as he stated in a document dated in 1671, born in Budleigh, a market town of Devonshire. The researches of our author show that Roger was baptized there 9 April, 1592, being the youngest of the eight children of Richard and Agnes (Clarke) Conant. The pedigree begins with John Conant of East Budleigh, born about 1520, probably at Gittisham, who was the father of Richard and grandfather of Roger. The third son of Richard was Rev. John Conant, a strong Puritan, who died in 1646, rector of St. Thomas à Becket, Salisbury. The fourth son, Christopher, was a grocer of London, came to Plymouth in 1623, and was at Salem in 1630, when he disappears.

In the next generation, Roger Conant had several nephews, all clergymen, viz.: Richard, vicar of East Budleigh; John, vice-chancellor of Oxford; Samuel, Malachi, and John. One branch, indeed, is traced herein to the present generation, and doubtless other branches in England could be found. In 1813 one of these descendants of Richard C. of Budleigh, viz., Sir Nathaniel Conant of London, applied for a confirmation of arms, alleging that his ancestors had used a shield of "Gules, ten billets *or*," and had granted a shield "per saltire gules and azure, billetty, *or*," which variation may denote some doubts in the mind of Garter King of Arms.

Roger Conant, who was doubtless free of the Salters' Company of London, married at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, London, November 11, 1618, Sarah Horton. He came with his wife and child to Plymouth in 1623, there joined Lyford at Nantasket, and in 1625 was chosen by the Dorchester Company as Governor of their settlement at Cape Ann. In 1626 he removed and planted Salem, and in 1629 his settlement was absorbed into the Massachusetts Colony. Here he lived until his death, November 19, 1679, always respected and useful, but without the prominence one would naturally expect to find accorded to him.

He had sons, Caleb, Lot, Roger, Joshua, and Exercise, and the name has been continued through Lot and Exercise. The record here given is very thorough and exact, and enrolls the names of many Conants who have been honored and valuable citizens. It is both a surprise and a satisfaction to find that such a sturdy Puritan family has continued to thrive and increase, preserving an historic name and doing credit to its ancestry.

Legends of the Shawangunk. By Philip H. Smith. Pawling, N. Y.: Smith & Co. 1887.

This is a medley of "historical sketches, biographical notices, and thrilling border incidents and adventures relating to those portions of the counties of Orange, Ulster, and Sullivan, lying in the Shawangunk region," put together almost without plan or relation of parts. The author says: "While there is much that is here found in print for the first time, all available published sources have been laid under contribution in its compilation." As he affords no marks by which his readers may distinguish between original and conveyed matter, it is impossible to say what proportion of the work is due to his "rigid search" of "ancient records"; much of the quoted matter, however, is from local publications now long out of print, and therefore is as good as new. But unfortunately the book contains little of value, either new or old. The beautiful Shawangunk (Shon-gum) region (curiously described as "a vast amphitheatre of rocks") deserves something better than this string of detached anecdotes, containing here and there interesting bits of history, but without reference to a single authority, so far as we have observed. We note the author's remark, that "it may interest the reader to trace the transition from primitive 'Duck Cedar' into classic 'Tuxedo,'" but he does not endeavor to trace it.

Mr. Smith's volume is illustrated by woodcuts such as are familiar on railway time-tables and county maps, and others from "pen sketches by the author"—the latter being of such simplicity as are seldom seen in form more permanent than a child's drawing on his slate.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ames, Julia A. Platform Voices: Temperance Recitations. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 25 cents.
An Unlaid Ghost: A Novel. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Barrows, Rev. W. The United States of Yesterday and of To-morrow. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Beatty-Kingston, W. Monarchs I Have Met. Harper & Bros. 50 cents.
Brydges, H. Uncle Sam at Home. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Caine, H. The Deemster: A Novel. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Cameron, G. F. Lyrics on Freedom, Love, and Death. Boston: Alexander Moore.
Cust, Lady. The Invalid's Own Book. W. S. Gottsberger.
Dawson, Sir J. W. The Geological History of Plants. D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.
Denison, T. S. The Man Behind. Chicago. $1.50.
Gallaudet, E. M. Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.
Green, S. Home Fishing and Home Waters. O. Judd Co.
Gunter, A. C. Mr. Potter of Texas: A Novel. New York: Home Publishing Co.
Hand Book of Rio de Janeiro. Rio de Janeiro: A. J. Lamoureux & Co.
Harris, Prof. J. R. The Teaching of the Apostles. Baltimore: Publication Agency Johns Hopkins University.
Hellwald, F. von. Die menschliche Familie. Part I. Leipzig: E. Günther.
Hopkins, Mark, jr. The World's Verdict: A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.50.
Kinglake, A. W. The Invasion of the Crimea. Vol. V. Harper & Bros.
Long, J. H. Slips of Tongue and Pen. D. Appleton & Co. 60 cents.
Marshall, Emma. On the Banks of the Ouse. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

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Newman, Prof. F. W. Kabail Vocabulary. London: Trübner & Co.
Peabody, Rev. A. P. Harvard Reminiscences. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.25.
Remmer, H. Russland und die Europäische Lage. Leipzig: W. Friedrich.
Sanders, D. Das hohe Lied Salomonis. Hamburg: J. F. Richter.
Starrett, L. F. Poems and Translations. Boston.
Sterne, S. Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
The Art of Investing. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.
The Original Mr. Jacobs. The Minerva Publishing Co.
The Story of Jewad. W. S. Gottsberger.
Tolstoi, Count L. N. Napoleon and the Russian Campaign. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Tolstoi, Count L. N. The Long Exile, and Other Stories for Children. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Young, G. A. Whatever Is, Was. Leggat Brothers.
Weld, M. C. A B C of Agriculture. O. Judd Co.
What Shall We Do with It [The Surplus]? By President Cleveland, J. G. Blaine, H. Watterson, G. F. Edmunds. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Whipple E. P. Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.50.
Willson, T. E. It is the Law: a Story of Marriage and Divorce. Belford, Clarke & Co. $1.
Wilson, R. B. Life and Love: Poems. Cassell & Co. $1.50.
Wood, Rev. J. G. Fourth Natural History Reader. Boston School Supply Co.
Woodward, F. C. English in the Schools. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Works of William Shakspeare. Reduced Facsimile from the First Folio Edition of 1623. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.
Yale, Catherine B. Story of the Old Willard House of Deerfield, Mass. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.
Yonge, Rev. J. E. An Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents.

Fine Arts.

PICTURES AT THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

If we consider light and air to be the principal qualities which a landscape should possess to be good, we shall not find any better at the Water-Color Exhibition than those painted by Mr. Charles A. Platt. "Lifting Fog — Dordrecht," No. 213, while it is a scene in Holland, is by no means painted with an eye to the sort of effect we find in many contemporary water-colors which have Dutch motives for their subjects. While these are toned down to blackish gray, and houses and boats, trees and figures, are half lost in a woolly sort of blur, Mr. Platt's picture is frankly laid in with clean, crisp washes, and is fresh and transparent in color. There is a strange idea which has always existed among writers on Dutch art, that the climate of Holland must be dark, misty, and gloomy. Taine speaks of the "coaly sky" of Amsterdam, and Charles Blanc of the "veiled sky of the Netherlands." Many painters have imbibed this prejudice and have painted pictures of Dutch subjects accordingly. M. Henry Havard, in a recently published volume, has devoted considerable space to this matter, and says rightly that Holland is one of the most luminous countries in the world. He shows that its sky, charged with vapors, reflects light with surprising intensity, and colors in themselves having no value have effect and brilliancy given them by the contrast which they form with their immediate neighbors, as well as the proportion of light and shade which enter into their composition. That Mr. Platt has seen Holland with unprejudiced eyes, and has painted his pictures as he saw the country—light and enveloped in a luminous atmosphere—is to his credit as an artist, for there is no lack of precedent for painting the blackish fog in everything in any way connected with Holland. In another picture, "Return of Sardine Boats from a Morning's Catch," No. 307, we find the same direct manner of painting and the same charm of luminous atmosphere.

A painter whose methods in treating figure subjects resemble those employed by Mr. Platt in landscape is Mr. Irving R. Wiles. There is no work in the exhibition that shows a more complete mastery of the medium than is evinced in the half-dozen pictures by which Mr. Wiles is represented. They are marked by simplicity and directness in obtaining effects, and these qualities are shown notably in a small picture of a young woman in modern dress seated on a park bench, "In the Park," No. 405, and in "Alone," No. 344, a much larger work, in which the black and gray tones of the dress are cleverly managed. In other works—"Waiting," No. 339, "A Study in Tints," No. 232, and "The Coquette," No. 150—there is freshness of color and sound painting.

Most original of all the painters represented in the Water-Color Exhibition, not so much in mere choice of subject as in his manner of presenting it artistically, is Mr. Winslow Homer. There is nothing particularly novel about a pumpkin patch, nor anything out of the common in a man's gathering the ripe pumpkins, yet Mr. Homer, in his "'For to be a Farmer's Boy,'" No. 360, has made of these elements a picture which is intensely individual. The figure of the young man with the pumpkin, and the long green vine still hanging to it in his arms, is relieved against the autumn sky, and there is a stretch of country and a low horizon dimly indicated in the distance. The color is strong and the drawing robust and spirited, but it is the feeling of the country, of the breezy outdoor life of the farmer, of "the smell of the earth and the song of the birds," with which the artist has invested his subject, that forms its charm. There are several other pictures by Mr. Homer in the exhibition, but none of them equals this, and there is but one to be compared with it. "Sand and Sky," No. 500, however, is a picture which does not possess the poetry of the other, but is simply an effective study of a white, sandy beach, with two figures of fisher girls and a black, stormy sky. It is remarkable for its virility of style.

It is always cause for satisfaction, if prizes are to be given in an exhibition, to find such prizes awarded to pictures which are entirely worthy. The Water-Color Society has been endowed this year with two valuable prizes, one for a figure work, the other for a landscape or marine picture, and they have been given to Mr. Alden Weir and Mr. Horatio Walker. Mr. Weir's "Preparing for Christmas," No. 273, a picture of a lady in black and a child in white at her side arranging Christmas greens, has excellent technical qualities and is a serious and dignified work. The successor of other pictures similar in subject and in treatment which have been shown at previous exhibitions, it is better than any of them, and conclusively proves Mr. Weir's right to be ranked among the best water-color painters we have. Mr. Walker's picture, "Evening," No. 331, a quiet landscape of flat meadows and some thinly foliaged trees with a herd of swine moving slowly across the field in the foreground, recalls the modern Dutch school in the way the landscape is treated, and in the drove of pigs there is a suggestion of the homely picturesqueness of Millet's work. This picture is noticeable for its excellence as a piece of color and for its completeness and harmony of composition. If we could find faults in it, they would be comparatively unimportant faults of detail, such as the unnatural shape of some of the saplings whose thin trunks are seen against the sky in the middle distance; but the great excellence of the picture as a whole make such small matters of little moment. It is singularly free from technical faults, and devoid of any semblance of trickiness in painting, and to say this of a contemporary water-color painting is to say a great deal. We shall not find many more in the exhibition of which this can be truthfully asserted.

Mr. Robert Blum, one of our best-known and most talented painters in water-colors, is represented here by an excellent picture, "A Venetian Pumpkin Vendor," No. 120; Mr. Lippincott by four works, of which the best are "Sylvie," No. 49, a nearly half life-size figure of a young woman, which is painted in a light color scheme of whites and blues, and "Stolen Moments," No. 61, another young woman seated in a chair with her back to the window, reading a book—a picture painted in the highest of high keys and of an extreme lightness of general tone; Mr. Dielman by a dignified study of a lady in black with some white chrysanthemums in her lap—"In October," No. 5; and Mr. Tiffany by a number of works of various subjects, quite the most remarkable being a decorative figure composition of much brilliancy of color, "Feeding the Flamingoes," No. 439. Mr. Ranger's mature talent is well exemplified by various works. In "The Village of Pont St. Maxence," No. 7, "A Wet Day in Amsterdam," No. 167, and "Sunset and Snow, Madison Square, N. Y.," No. 325, we find his usual excellent qualities of color and justness of observation in painting street scenes, and in "Clouds," No. 310, and "Morning on the River Oise," No. 388, effective painting of pure landscape. Two charming bits of sky and water, most artistic in treatment, are Mr. Twachtman's "Boats on the Maas," No. 545, and "Landscape," No. 555, and an agreeably colored and neatly painted picture of a marine subject is Mr. Carlton T. Chapman's "The Lighthouse," No. 90. Mr. Percy Moran is seen at his best in a delightful little picture of a young lady of colonial times, dressed in blue, lighting the candles on a table—"Tea Time," No. 37; and "Autumn," No. 31, is the title of another charming trifle by the same painter, in which the subject is a simple figure of a pretty girl standing in a doorway. "The Washing Ground of Madrid," No. 199, by Harry Fenn, is one of the cleverest of sketches, a small bit of paper with innumerable figures of washerwomen at a river's side and lines of white linen blown by the wind, the whole deftly indicated and sparkling with little spots of gay color. In contrast to it is "Primavera," No. 244, by Theodore Robinson, a quietly painted head of a peasant girl, in which the charm lies in subtle drawing, in delicate, almost faded, tints, and in the tenderest painting.

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